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Papers

The Australian magazine of film and television

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EDITORIAL

FRONT LINES: A round-up of the scissions and secessions participating in the American Film Market, a background to the controversy about the Sydney Film Festival, Co-Op and a report from the Film and History Center, once. Plus festival reports from London, Hyderabad, Havana and the Film Biennale, season, our regular columns from around the world, and profiles on writer-director Jackie McKinnis, actor Colin Firth, and actor-director Jack Thompson.

ANYONE CAN BE A STUNTMAN ONCE: On location in Sydney to execute a record-breaking stunt for *Dead-End Drive-In*, Gary Norrington talks to Nick Roddick about the stuntman's profession and the highs of jumping.

MAN OF PLenty: Back in Australia after six years and three features in the US, writer-producer-director Fred Schepers speaks to David Stratton about collaboration with David Hale, the magic of Meryl, and the ones that got away.

A HORSE FOR ALL COURSES: With a track record that indicates a penchant for peace, Brian Trenchard-Smith has become one of Australia's most successful and sought-after directors. He talks to Brian Jones about his career.



CHANGES: Producer Jill Robb, director Robyn Nixon, and actress Judy Morris talk to Dede Baker about *The More Things Change*, a contemporary drama aimed at a neglected slice of the market.



CAPTAIN OF THE CLOUDS: One of Australia's most enduring actors, John Hargreaves discusses his career in feature film and television, with Gail McCross.



O'ROURKE'S DRIFT: With his new documentary *Hot Life*, Denis O'Rourke seems poised to explode two myths—the delusions of nuclear testing in the Pacific and the notion that independent documentaries should be confined to the art-house circuit. He talks to Nick Roddick about his early films *Hot Life* and his work methods.

PRODUCTION: A comprehensive round-up of what's in production in Australia, with special reports on *Kangaroo* and *Tracy*, plus our new *Kangaroo* recording, feature film, and television production in Australia in 1983.

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S BRIAN: Fred Harden talks to Brian Dixie, an innovator whose triaxial camera cars, wind and smoke machines have taken the film industry by storm.

FILM REVIEWS: Full-length reviews of *Alonso Bay*, *The Color Purple*, *Hot Life*, *Johnny Mused Me*, *Letter to Brezhnev*, *Memo*, *The More Things Change...*, *Out of Africa*, *Plenty*, *Say Phrases*, *Wrong World and Fear of the Dragon*. Plus shorter reviews of all the recent releases.



BOOK REVIEWS: *Remains Behind* by Robert Philip Keller, *Godless: The Secret Lives of Marilyn Monroe* by Anthony Summers, *The Australian Film Book, 1930-1983* by Simon Brand.

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Film Victoria

"Is there anybody there . . .?"

For no better reason than that this is the first issue of 1993 (the 'January' issue was actually published, on these things tend to be, before Christmas), here are a few anniversaries. It is 83 years and ten months since the first film to be made in Australia, *Holders of the Cross*, was shown by the Saloon at the Melbourne Time Hall. It is just under 30 years since Michael Powell's *They're a Weird Mob*, which was most Australian than most 'Australian' films of the screen, had its Sydney premiere. It is just under 25 years since *Wake in Night* was shown at Cannes, and almost exactly seventeen years since the Melbourne premiere of Tim Lincecum's *Two Thousand Weeks*, the first film of what David Stratton would later call 'the last new wave'. Finally, at time of writing, it is just over 24 hours since an Australian director, Peter Weir, was nominated for Best Director in Hollywood.

On another tack, it is autumn and a half year since the first broadsheet issue of *Cinema Papers* came out of Carlton, and a little over twelve years since the magazine began regular publication in October 1982. Honestly I don't see to record that it is also three years since *Cinema Papers* was forced to suspend publication, and just under two since it started up again. It is also thirteen months, almost to the day, since I took over the editorship.

This, as regular readers will have noticed (and in fact time readers may be interested to know), is the first issue to appear in the new, reduced format, breaking with twelve years of tradition and probably offending one or two people. We've done it for a number of reasons — people couldn't fit the old format on their bookshelves, newspapers didn't like handling it. But the main reason was so we could, at last, afford to print on decent paper.

There are a few other breaks with tradition, too. The magazine has been extensively redesigned, the format I have introduced since I took over — the news from around the world, the regular feature reports, the policy of covering every film, however late, that opens in Australia — have been revamped and tightened up, and a few topics once have been added, notably the Production Barometer on pages 62-63, which will become a regular, two-page feature.

Early 1986 may seem an odd time to be blowing trumpets, though. 1985 was, by almost universal consensus, a bad year for the Australian cinema. Leaving aside the third *Mad Max*, which did not make the earth move as much as expected, the only local film to do proportionately decent business at the Australian box office was *Blue*, and that had to be low-rated by its producers. Certainly, none of the big movies did better than their across the surface of the Great Australian Pub — not the SABC's expensive *Robbery Under Arms* (which is out this month as a miniseries), not *The Simple Bush* (three hours may be a bit too long for a feature, but it doesn't seem to put 'em in back seats), and certainly not *Back to Back*, on which so many hopes (and to mention current) were pinned. One or two talented people hung out that, in 1985, *Cinema Papers* lacked nothing but ideas with our cover pictures. It wasn't hard.

A small-yet-audience survey, commissioned by the Australian Film Commission, revealed that Australian audiences no longer went out of their way — or went out at all — to see an Australian movie, and that few of those that did (and they did) could name any Australian film made the previous year. I don't think things would be much better if the survey were done again this April. But April 1987 might give a better result. We're only into the second month of 1988 as I write this, but already two of the best Australian films for quite some time — *The Man from Snowy River* . . . and *Half Light* — are on the verge of release. It is too soon to say how they will do. But they get a lot of coverage in this issue, and we are proud to be associated with them.

All of which then is something of a difference for Australian filmmaking. The days of automatic support for the sound of strain are long since gone, taking with them the quirky, low-budget films on which the renaissance was built, and we are still a long way off the brave New World of films that can for — and separately for — their limited commercial success. This is almost certainly a dilemma the industry is going to have to sort out for itself, because there is every sign that the government no longer believes in the notion of a tax-aided cultural and economic flagship. And the exclusive options of television may not prove to be a solution either. The simple consensus of the nation and that, in order to make a maximum that enough Australians will want to watch for the commercial channels to go on putting up the money, you have to spread around twice as much as the channels can afford (or are prepared) to pay. Which means overseas sales, overseas stars (and, quite possibly, overseas stories). All of which means a turn, taking your sights on something other than Australian life and culture.

Cinema Papers supports the Australian film industry, and it supports Australian film culture. We wouldn't exist without either, nor should either exist without the other. But they are, increasingly, not the same thing. That doesn't mean we have to choose, however. It is an article of faith at *Cinema Papers* that films are an industrial art form, that filmmakers, like anybody else, have to make a living, and that commercial success is not some kind of cop-out. The film named most often in the AFC survey was *The Man from Snowy River*. The fact that over 10% of the respondents thought it was made last year indicates as much that the film's hold on their imaginations as it does that heightened grip of cinematography.

For what it's worth, I thought *Snowy River* was terrific. But, even if we know how to, we can't just make *Snowy River*. As the experience of country after country has shown, a film industry built casually on the notion of horses for courses — films aimed at specific audiences — fails every time. Out of that film industry, a film culture has to grow, because that culture will find back into the industry and eventually it, as the European new wave fed into the American industry, and the American industry's B movies fed into the European new wave.

The collapse of the Sydney Filmmarket Co-op, whether from internal or external causes, seems to signal the end of an era. But something has to grow in its place. So, in addition to supporting the industry (which we will do in some like the case, partly aimed at the American Film Market in Los Angeles, where two dozen Australian films are on sale), it is the job — the duty — of *Cinema Papers* to argue for that something, to support the sort of films that will last. And part of that argument is going to be to say to the government bodies that subsidize us, as they subsidize other areas of the industry, that it is their duty, too, to encourage that kind of filmmaking, not just on the fringe, but in the very centre of the industry. Increasingly, it seems, this needs to be said. And we forget.

Mark Roddick

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production by Dave (Takeshi) Take Jansen—who, he follows later, was an alleged informer.

These elements of course, I suspect, most people liked, and even one session I chaired. The paper most praised was delivered by John Hartley and dealt with where the television set is located in Western Australia (there is a room in the Moving Image: The History of Film and Television in Western Australia, 1960 to 1980, is too involved with the issue of Cinema Progress) but in the end it was at my wife Sandy's choice.

Bob Scott

Briefly . . .

■ **Vide Matsuy** has been appointed as the new executive director of the Australian Film Institute. Vide joins the AFI after six years at the Australian Film Commission, which also appoints its manager of the Women's Film Fund.

For the past two years, Infoline has given the director of the Creative Development Branch, responsible for programmes of assistance to new and innovative filmmakers, video activities, funding to film and video organisations, festivals, special events and publications.

A graduate of Swinburne who has spent time working at the ABC, the BBC and in television, since then Infoline took up his new position on 17 March.

■ The Australian Film Commission in association with the ABC, has announced the awarding of the 1988 Margal Documentary Film Award. One of five awards. **Practising**, **Hungry No Pictures** and **John Hughes (Thaps)** all completed against the **Practising** video at \$10,500.

The ABC also announced the Pat Fester award for the recipient of a study fellowship.

Recent AFD appointments have seen Geoffrey Atkinson take up a position as a part-time Script Office consultant for state entities, since moving in mid-January. And it is the alternative office. Oscar O'Brien has been selected as the new senior project officer for the Creative Development Fund.

FESTIVALS The annual 50 Kilde Film Festival will be held in mid-June from 17-20 April at the National Theatre. Presented by the St Kilda City Council, the festival aims to showcase Australian short documentaries and features that might not be picked up for a wider commercial release.

Roger Bland has been appointed part-time director of the festival and as executive. Lee Holmes has confirmed that the screen of \$300,000 and \$150,000 will again be awarded by a panel of judges.

Film-makers interested in submitting works for consideration can send them to Holmes at TV-Video Dept of Marnie film.

Planning is also well under way for the Melbourne and Sydney Film Festivals, both to be held in June. The Melbourne Festival recently appointed a new director, Sorella Muccione, who takes up the position after eleven years at

Michael Edgley International as an administrator and publicist.

The Melbourne Festival will run from 19-23 June at the Forum Centre Complex (recently opened) for a popular venue in 1989, the State Film Centre and the Statehouse Cinema. At the time of going to press negotiations were under way for a programme of new video films to start from New York and international film pending on Lucie Jordan's **Waiting Girls**.

The Sydney Festival will run from 6-30 June at the State and Dendy theatres. Although it is too early to confirm many films or guests for their festival, British filmmaker Ken Maclellan will be attending. Sydney and Melbourne is in film. **Time** This event will be held at the Sydney and Melbourne Film Festival.

■ **John Maclellan, Mark (Bill) Moriarty and Catherine** have also been confirmed as guests who hope that the French director will attend.

■ **Script** for the Australian Child Film and Television Foundation's **Upstairs, Downstairs** series has been developed and the ACTF is once again assembling a diverse group of writers, producers and directors for the project. The new part series of four long literary programmes has been announced a prospectus should be issued in May and the ACTF hopes to go into production towards the end of the year.

■ **The Journey** Western Film Commission and State Cinema, Director: Mark Maclellan. Producer: Richard Maclellan.

■ **The Secret Life of Trees** Writer: Paul Cox. Director: Paul Cox. Producer: Terry Unwin/Jerry Jones. **My High** Writer: Michael Cox. Director: TBA. Producer: Sue Milson.

■ **The City** Writer: Marc Sidoroff. Director: Eric West. Producer: Michael McDonald.

■ **Edmund** Writer: David J. Spence. Director: TBA. Producer: Anthony Buckley.

■ **Christopher's Poems** Writer: Steve J. Spence. Director: Steve Spence. Producer: Sylvia Levy. **Second Childhood** Writer: Maria Gaskman. Director: Maria Gaskman. Producer: South Australian Film Corporation.

■ **Scared of Heights** Writer: Peter Simpson. Director: TBA. Producer: J. Roberts.

■ **Unsettled Nations** Writer: Roger Simpson. Director: TBA. Producer: Crawford Productions (joint production).

■ Three deputy members have recently been appointed to the board of Film Victoria. Andrew Sigal, Thomson producer, Jane Bellamy and broadcasting consultant Gus Weston took up their two-year posts from 29 December. The new members join three other part-time members: Glenn Hodgson, Hugué Le Marquis and Ian Cleland. The members of the board are: John Huxford (Chairman), Gavin Anderson, Annelle Bonaldi, Sarah Grant, Jennifer Hume, Melissa Miller, Owen Pardy, Jai Pardy, Brian Robinson, Charles Targoff and Bob West.

■ Good news and not good news on the international front. Interest in Pat Fester's **Practising** video has been published in **Screenplay** (January). **Carroll**, **Heights** **How**

Yas (which means the top ten, with **Practising** a **La Plage**, **Entre Nous**, **Local Hero**, **Ones and Twos**).

On the other side of the Pacific, however, a lot of the most powerful design features announced in Tokyo in 1985. **Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome** finished a disappointing eighth in a market that has been a struggle for the **Mad Max** films. It is expected to win the title coming in behind **Police Academy 3: Back in Action** and **The Karate Kid**.

■ Following the negotiation of international distribution deals for **Blue**—with New World Pictures in the US and the Percepsio Picture Company in the UK—international rights to **Rebel** have also recently been obtained.

Western Pictures have acquired the US and Canadian theatrical and home video rights to the film for a reported \$1.5 million. Western Pictures is expected to release **Rebel** before the summer as the first film in a new package of half a dozen films to be screened over the next twelve months.

■ **Travis** a feature to be directed by Danny Lawrence will have a two-week workshop with Lawrence and the actors in March to enable discussions to be made for the script. Production is scheduled for September.

Contributors

Heather Age and Georgina Pope head the Tokyo-based sales agency production and distribution company **Gemma Films**.

John Bunker is a film reviewer for **The Australian** and author of numerous books on the cinema.

Rod Bishop teaches film at the Film Institute of Technology.

Pat H. Borsari writes regularly about film for **The Los Angeles Times** and is a frequent correspondent for **The Washington Post** and other publications.

Rufino Caputo is a freelance writer on film.

Rufino Caputo is a freelance writer on film.

Lorenzo Cellini is a freelance journalist based in Tuscany, a contributor to **Practising** and other magazines for the international film trade.

Mary Collier is a freelance writer on film.

Ray Connelley is a film critic for **The Irish Times**.

Christine Cooney is a freelance writer on film.

Patricia King-Henson is a writer of the **Australian Film Catalogue** and a contributor to the **Los Angeles Times**, **American Film** and **Solo**.

Paul Hardin is a film and television producer and has a regular column on technical information in **The Video Age**.

Paul Harris is a writer of **Film Staff's** **Release** on **Screen** and a regular contributor to **The Age**.

Shelia Johnston is a London-based writer and film critic for **LAM** magazine.

Brian Jones is an independent producer, director, scriptwriter and journalist.

The film will be produced by Peter Irving and the script by Brett Smith by Barry Korman. It is about a family gathering over a weekend in a hotel in a small town in New York.

■ The **Australian Film** and **Television School's** **Malibu** will offer film school students a small paid scheme called the **Tryna** program aimed at assisting students of film education and video programmes in exploring their craft.

According to Victorian manager Jenny Sebato, this scheme aims to encourage people to find new roles in a working situation without the high costs normally involved. Facilities available include rehearsal space, video equipment and access to technical advice.

■ Despite statements about the **Australian Film Commission's** **Co-Production** scheme, **Joe Cassin** (producer) has 180 graduate films. He has the successful approach in the last season of candidates.

■ **Joe Cassin** has been interviewed by **Pat Fester**, **How Not to** **Go** is a co-production with **Canada's** **Telefilm** and may begin shooting in May. Underwritten prior to the September modifications to **FOA**, the programme is a co-production and written by **Gary Williams** and produced by **David Williams** for the last season film.

Paul Kalina teaches film and photography at St. Joseph's College and is a freelance writer on film.

Peter Krieger is a film critic for **The Sunday Press**.

Geoff Meyer is a lecturer in film studies at the Philip Institute of Technology.

Gail McGee is a postgraduate student at La Trobe University.

Brian McPherson is a lecturer in English at the Queensland Institute of Technology and a frequent contributor to **The Australian** and **Images**.

Robbie Murray is a film producer and freelance writer working out of Paris.

Tony Michael teaches film and drama at the University of New South Wales.

Mike Nicolai is a freelance writer and contributor to **Practising**.

Orlando O'Connell is a journalist and contributor to **Practising**.

Quinto Reed is a reporter for the **Close-Up** series on SBS-TV.

Bill and Diane Roud are a couple of Melbourne filmmakers.

Tom Ryan teaches media studies at Swinburne, contributes to **The Video Age** and reviews film for **The ABC** and **Sunday News**.

Jim Schachtel is a journalist at **The Age**.

Mark Spink is a freelance writer on film.

David Stronach is host of **Movies of the Week** on SBS-TV and reviews film for **Practising**.

R.J. Thompson is a freelance writer on film.

Andrew Utchin is Australian correspondent for **Screen International** and a regular contributor to the radio program **The Australian**.

Michael Wainwright is a journalist at the **Sydney Morning Herald**.

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TV hasn't made him any money? Jean YVES ESCOFFIER, producing the French TV *Jeunes gens*

He will do his other by imposing whatever revised conditions on the "business" channel or by producing one or more of the public channels to create direct competition. CIL, for its part, has signed an appeal with the Council of State against the arbitary manner in which the concession was granted.

Wounded himself, he was ready enough to reverse the catastrophic crisis he charged. As for the alleged villain of the piece, Serge Bernheim, he just completed a public relations visit to Paris during which he gallantly promised to respect the high TV standards of French television.

With all these upheavals in the television world, developments on the French cinema scene have attracted less of the limelight (this year). The arrival in France of Canadian films, for instance, has passed almost unnoticed, headed by Jean-Luc Godard. Canada's French subsidiary will have an income of \$1,000 million, some of which will go towards the production of Godard's grandiose *King Lear* starring a 12-year-old Alvin Ailey and Luc Mathis (his film replacing the recently lost Martin Scorsese). Persistence, the aging fourth French cinema crowd (after Germain, LUC and Perné) has been taken over by British real estate agents Michael and Anthony Davis. Michael, a Cuban Jew, has a 50% share in the production/distribution business. He could not save the company, after a 100-million-franc loss had already been decided in Germany.

The SOFICA (French film) companies, for cinema and audiovisual production — see my column in the January issue — are looking

good. However, they have been set up to be promising to achieve about 400 million francs in 1986 production.

Cinema attendance on the other hand, has all decreased — about 12% down on the time last year and 8% lower over the whole of 1985. Especially disturbing news for French producers is the fact that 3.5% of French cinema audiences (30% of the audience) is coming in welcome but also confirms that this year's top-grossing film was a local production. Going to America's *True Romance* at an expense which has outstripped *Barbare* and is still going strong.

Foreign successes have been gradually reducing. *Year of the Dragon*, *Silverado* and *The Sorcerer*. On the artistic side, mention must be made of an emerging Russian comedy by Nikita Mikhalkov, reported from *Le Pen* director, *Family Relations*, an excellent Quebec film *Le Pen* director, and Wim Wenders' *Tokyo-Ga*. Tim Lincecum's *The Naked Country* — known here as *Le châtiment de la pierre magique* (*The Curse of the Magic Stone*) has come and gone without a copy.

Production distributors. Masso Ferris is in debt. Christophe Lambert in his new film, while Sandrine Bonnaire will next appear in a film by Jacques Doillon with Michel Muller for a partner.

Robert Enrico, a shooting *Zorro* rouge, a social drama starring Catherine Deneuve and Richard Anconina, who plays a thief is strongly against itself. But the most interesting project on the horizon is *Passage du message*, by Danish director Henning Carlsen. The film, covering the life of Paul Gauguin, will star Daniel Sayer and Francis Huard and will be shot in Copenhagen and Tahiti.

Britain by Sheila Johnston

**Bond (the real one)
to the rescue on the
British movie scene**

Following my last column's oft-quoted conclusion as to the fate of Goldwyn (let me soon be left following *Renard*), has opened in the US to uniformly bad reviews. British film, too, has gradually presents the *Tenets* of TSE is further confirmed in the film packed schedule that is the British film industry.

TSE (There EMI Screen Entertainment) is one of the country's — indeed the world's — largest film companies with assets including 106 cinema (the ABC chain is a chain of 2,000 films a studio (Eclair) together with Thames Television production and television operations.

The company has been on the slide for some years now in the wake of a series of box office disasters headed by John Schlesinger's multi-million flop, *Henry Tombs Property*. Carl Denfeld as Gary Deller has managed to turn the tide since, at least three years ago, from a £10-million loss in 1982 to a modest £12 million profit last year.

But savings have still not been enough to justify investors. The shareholders' disappointment put up a severe performance last year with outcasts *He Who Sings* 3 and *The Holocaust*. Comments and the in-house production record has been disappointing too with a winner — *A Passage to India* — and three box office disasters. *Measure for Measure*, *Spies*, *Rescue*, *Heaven and Earth* and *Just*. Vicky Lambert's contract as head

Germany by Dieter Osswald

Eichinger continues his big-budget run; Petersen excels.

Miss Wit The Best and The Newswoman Diary to his credit, Petersen is already Germany's most successful director. With *Missing Miss*, he has produced the first really Hollywood production to be made in Munich's Bavaria Studios. To mark the occasion, 20th Century Fox is Jean Louis Petersen and vice president, Joel Collet, have in the picture.

In the meantime, another German director was making his mark abroad. Stefan Paul and his film *Sera possible* of her about the South American singer Mercedes Sosa, were made in the Rio de Janeiro and Houston, Indiana, and received 3,000,000 dollars, getting from Berlin Festival (in the US).

While Otto — der Film, a staple of the column, has gone on, with over eight million admissions, to become not only the most successful film of 1985, but also the most successful German film ever the series (kind of superlatives have been generated by the book, *Gust*

unter) by Günter Weirich, a piece of unadaptable reporting about important literature. A film of the same name will be made for the 10th anniversary of the Berlin Film Festival.

As Germany seems to find more Oscar film — which is better, is still reluctant to let them — a film about a young sports legend has started shooting. *Gleich — Bewegung der Gegenwart* would award champion boxer Max Schmeling.

Another famous native son is at the centre of *Wittgenstein, oder die Erfindung der Gegenwart*, which is about Rudolf Wittgenstein, inventor of the eponymous word machine — and about the Russian exile of the same name.

Thanks to the box office phenomenon of *Otto*, *Rembo* and *Back to the Future*, film business was in a state of optimism last year, but the smaller cinemas have had to struggle to survive and a few mergers have resulted. Heine



Comments with today in February from the film world and future from my January column and today, in November, film and picture. There will almost certainly be more news to add to the list.

Box office leaders are the three films mentioned above. *Otto* — der Film, closely followed by *Back to the Future* and *Rembo*. In fourth place comes the German action

comedy, *Einmal um die Welt* and *Amoral* starring Hans-Jürgen Götting.

Winkler (Schmeling) — der Film with Gerd Götting (which, like *Otto*, is a TV spin off). Alan Parker's *Shogun* has been in a new place to become a hit. But *Caesar*, *Legend*, *Poland*, *Graceland* 3 *July* and the first three AIDS movies have all topped.

of production was not resumed until this year. Instead, TBS set up a project fund, with a tally of \$175 million plus millions, at the disposal of a select pool of independent producers. Since Central has exercised an impressive power of return, some observers welcomed the deal as signalling a new flexibility; others saw it as spelling a long-term plan for TBS to put out of film production.

Then last October, Thon fell on, endorsed its interest in "integration in business portfolio." This move, pulling the entertainment division up the grille, in order to concentrate on its multifaceted other strategy: defence contracts, lighting TV taste music and merchandise. Over 30 billion (one) the rally, including the ubiquitous Rupert Murdoch and fellow Aussie Robert Holmes a

But the two frontrunners, the Mark Corporation and the controversial German Group each of which already owns substantial gaming circuits in Baden were greeted with a silence of protest from the tire industry. Faced with the unwelcome attention of the Mercedes Commission, Golan and Gilman withdrew.

The field looked close for a French takeover, with District's biggest of management buy-out apparently drafted by its future to top firms a \$100 million (\$200 million) but — until, at the eleventh hour, a knight in shining armour turned from down under in the form of Australian

Bond, who had up a \$10 million (2011) federal deficit only days after Carroll had finally declared deficit already, says a \$2 billion increase

hips, with interests in radio and TV. He said he was interested in TEDE's MP's and voted money to fund these efforts, and also hoped for a tie-up between Australian producers and Germany's ARD network.

But one of London's first requests after the buy-out was to sell off assets. Some say that with Carston and Rank, adding the same Carston had paid an excessive price — £110 million (\$191 million) — for TSB, and may well be forced to sell off further assets to service the loan.

Meanwhile, however, the British production team continues, with no sense out of the preproduced crisis in film, environment. **Dance with a Stranger** is a hard act to follow, but director Miles Maynard, working in his own style, has a new idea in his head. **The Good Palaces** is a black comedy starring a young British actress, who is the only one of the post-1960s generation to have a leading role in a British film. **Whisper, Approved** is a comedy about the life of a young woman who is a member of the **Wind Blows** in a traditional British style. **Whisper, Approved** is a comedy about the life of a young woman who is a member of the **Wind Blows** in a traditional British style. **Whisper, Approved** is a comedy about the life of a young woman who is a member of the **Wind Blows** in a traditional British style.

York music producer and actor.
(Produced) by Morris West's
Sydney-based Multimedia and
inspired by a screenplay from Austen
her brother and nephew own
pirates. **The Second History** is a
novelistic drama set in England and
Australia in 1945. Starring by West
from his own novel. It boasts an
international cast (Anthony
Andrews, Imelda Staunton, Billie
Piper and Helen Mirren) and
an unlikely (producer) director
(Neill) Thomas, father of the *Harry*
Oscar nomination.

Canine and feline congenital infections that are of concern

author's crop could be **The Whistle Blower** a conspiracy thriller set in the British government's centre at Cheltenham, which has recently been the location for several controversial real-life hearings. Based on a novel by John Hain and directed by Simon Langton (big of TV's *Loose Connections*) **Sunday's People** is a story the idiosyncratic Michael Caine and Nigel Havers, as his son who works at the centre and is later linked to a scandalous assassination.

Box office receipts are still buoyant with new releases set in London's West End in the beginning of November: *Fritz & Hans* and *The Emerald Forest* continue to make it a good year for Rank, in the wake of such other hits as *Crimes of Passion* and *Gasparino*. *Dancing Queen* (third low box-office budget) didn't help. *Letter to Brezhnev*, *Superman* and *My Beautiful Laundrette* (opened last weekend, and *Ghost* is now clearly the

Of the Christmas releases, **Beats Goes, The Movie** got starred by reviewers across the board, but the Salavita label caped crusader himself endorsed for the Youtube video that pairs slaying the rapper in the desert, and then shows the rapper

TRUSTEES: Charles H. Bowers



Japan

by Naoko Abe and
Geordina Pope

More foreign films, less cinemas and a mixed crop of New Year movies

During the past twelve months, Jason has seen a 10% increase in its coverings. The increase took place mainly in the first few months of the year, says Vice-Master Newt Reed (see [GolfManufacturers](#) (left) page B10B) and only, followed by [Golfing's 1981-82 season](#). This year is expected to be about [Back to the Future](#), [Golfers and Coaches](#).

The Kadavule production house has been knocked here to top position by Fox Television, one of the largest national networks. Fujis tagged production success story last year into *Nirvana* as *Intergate* (*The Hurricane Man*). Fox's house remains, shot with exactly the same spirit as his 1990 version. The film has grossed \$15.15 million.

Unfazed by post-box office smashes in the U.S. and Britain to his R-rated comedy **Game Is Not Friday** (which proved a bonanza on the home market last August), producer Larry Pust has a full list of product for his second appearance at the American Film Market.

Foreign sales of four features from First & Main Films will be handled by the New York-based Challenge Film Corporation, of which First is president and New York retains their valuable distributor, Henry Gross, chairman.

Garner was executive producer on the action movie **Striker Back** and shot entirely in New Zealand and starring Cliff Robertson, Laila Garono and Lani Henao. It proved a big seller for Piri in Garner's last year and begins an eleven-part release throughout New Zealand on 24 June again.

The AFM will see the first market screenings of the teenage youth film, **Bridge to Nowhere** (directed by Ian Munn), and pre-sale activity on **Queen City Rocker**, which goes into distribution on Auckland city local area in early December. **Rocker** is directed by Bruce Morrison (Cannibal, *Shocker*).

Ministry of Agriculture, director Paul Davis, who will be with Peter Foxworth and Simon Landon of the British Agricultural Shows Association, says the show will be "a very good one."

Shades of Blue The new color of the year is blue, says the Pantone color institute, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Color of the Year contest. The winning color is a shade of blue called "Pantone 294," which is a deep, rich blue.

Friday The day of the week is Friday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Friday, which is a day of the week.

Monday The day of the week is Monday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Monday, which is a day of the week.

Tuesday The day of the week is Tuesday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Tuesday, which is a day of the week.

Wednesday The day of the week is Wednesday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Wednesday, which is a day of the week.

Thursday The day of the week is Thursday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Thursday, which is a day of the week.

Friday The day of the week is Friday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Friday, which is a day of the week.

Saturday The day of the week is Saturday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Saturday, which is a day of the week.

Sunday The day of the week is Sunday, says the National Weather Service, which is sponsoring the 20th annual Weather of the Year contest. The winning day is Sunday, which is a day of the week.

Updated news for the industry here
on that director Geoff Murphy
writes it has received approval

Italyw

by Lorenzo Codelli

Fellini's latest tilts at windmills of television

As has often happened with other films like **Ginger + Fred** has been seen and greatly discussed by its fans, almost everyone even if it has still not opened commercially. Abandoning the doomy diary of **It Is now us** (And the Ship Sails On) the director this time goes for broad comedy, telling the story of the reunion of two once popular dancing partners called Ginger and Fred during a stormy life show prompted by other star legions, from Marlene Dietrich to Bette Davis and the inimitable Marilyn Monroe.

But as closing the networks, warring tribes and abused paragonizing (with) across of Freddy Chiviyakya's *Non-words* is just one of the ways of **Ginger & Fred** Peled has managed to find several more serious things to say in the paradoxical hatch-pitch of gargarism: commercialism and live speeches by political and religious leaders. The downbeat threat that surrounds them does not stop Ginger and Fred from making their old steps for a magic moment — even if it is interrupted by a protracted bluecut. *Shafika Mawani*

perfectly displays her dramatic
finely guided by the superior
Mendel Mendelism as the master
[sic]

The question raised by the film shows clearly why neither the neoliberals nor the traditionalists can count on a much-needed middle ground. On the one hand, the traditionalists are intransigent: But the film is not simply about the divide that exists. Rather, it seeks to draw distinctions between them and PM, the alternative, remains the same, on both sides. And the political parties now in government are not proceeding anything over their decision. Thanks to its numerous "documentary" scenes, the film has been hailed for its portrayal of PM without a manager.

On the movie front Coppola bowed again: He left instructions to producers like **Mario** (Coppola's editor, adapted from Marcel Proust's *Le Temps* novel, directed by Johannes Vermeer and starring John Huston as the Timekeeper). There is also Jean-Jacques Annaud's **The Name of the Rose** (see *Director*). *Obsession's* German edition in page 87, produced at the sales end by Franco Grimaldi, together with *Wauw* (Comment on *Sturm* and *Wie Führt Anise di Sturm*, by G. Pelling, art director, Gerd Pelling has built a grand octagonal library next the *Sturm*

Figure 10.10: Basic block-insensitive code.

plants are finally starting. Francoise has been looking for locations in various South American countries for the installation of General Electric Motors' Chevrolet at a Diesel Fossil fuel with a budget of \$120 million raised by several European producers. And Photo and Video Tanners are scouting locations in the United States for their as yet unedited film (see a story by Tomoko Quaresima about two Italian church sponsors working in Hollywood in 1978) during 1980 seasons. Meanwhile, a sudden illness has prevented Franco Zetlin from completing his *Orestia* in time for Caracas.

Self-singles for competition are Marco Ballocci, a tacetio renegade of *Le diavole au corps* (if diavole is corps) Gianni Moretti's *Le mense a fine* (was my last column) and Carlo Lazzaro's ambrosiose *L'isola* a large-scale biography of controversial leader Giorgio Aronista, composed in two parallel versions (one for cinema, one for TV) and pairing cinematic Massimo (Mass).

The Christmas season did not bring much cheer to local movies with *Famba*, *Goonie*, and *Back to the Future* easily winning our customary run of festive comedies. Perhaps it is time the parishioners, including reacted more intelligently to the problems, rather than call for state protection. I might consider watching a few star trailers and red carpet shows. www.fox.com/movies/000000.

The extraordinary success of *Urusei Yatsura* at the box office last year is also worth mentioning. During 1988, only six foreign titles grossed over \$100 million, by comparison with six local ones. In 1988, ten foreign films surpassed the mark and better Japanese ones.

One hundred cinemas closed their doors up and down the country during the year leaving a national total of 2,000 compared with over 3,000 opening during the 1980s. The closure, however, was predominantly in the rural areas, with the larger cities seeing an increase in cinema complexes and visual entertainment houses.

The biggest event during 1988 was the last Tokyo International Film Festival, with attendance during the week-long event hitting the 100,000 mark. And an Australian Cinema Week held in September, branded by the Australian Pavilion at the Tokyo Expo and organized by Tokyo-based Oceania Films, attracted capacity houses in a major city but Shochoiku Film, purchasing Peter Weir's nine-year-old *Picnic at Hanging Rock*. The release is scheduled for July.

Local political playing around Tokyo is certainly a mixed bag.

attempting to enter to as many potential demographics as possible during the peak New Year season.

Yet no Goro Kaneko the *Donatelli*, directed by Masuro Shiroka, who grew up *Shinji* some critics (Shinji Shiroka) didn't stop it is definitely one of the best. *Kiku* again. *Kiku* was the first story of the work of director playwright Chikamasa. It is the film at all in Osaka in 1917 during the Goroika era, where the culture of the common people was flourishing, but the lives of the poor aged citizens were ruled by a cruel set of rules, including the strict condemnation of ill love affairs.

The film's two main characters, Ose, the wife of an official, and Goro, a handsome young student of the commoners, are mistakenly accused of having an affair. Left with the choice of flight or imprisonment, a custom whereby the husband kills both his wife and his supposed lover they settle for the latter. But Ose figures that now she has nothing to lose, she risks the most of Goro's company.

From two relatively new directors — Jun Imai, who last year gave us *Gashiki* (*The Funeral*) and



Osaka (1988) and *Yoshi* (1989), both of *Family Drama* films — come two aspects of toppling new efforts both with competitive budgets and well-known actors. From a *Tamago* (*Egghead*) opened in eight Tokyo cinemas to very mixed reviews. *Maria's Goroika* (*And There...*) based on a book by award-winning novelist Shiroka-Masuma and set in the May 1940 when the war was beginning to take a firm hold on the life of the area, is a romance that falls rather flat and is well short of the expectations that had generated despite its excellent performance by Masuma Fujio.

Director Tora Kawamura, who recently had successes with *Byuji* and *Changin' (Shiroi Gami)*. His new picture set in a major release pattern. A subtle but psychological

A *Man* 20 screeners *Masuma* *Shiroka* and *Yoshi* *Masuma* in *Osaka* (last time ...)

meets and far more intelligible scene, is pursued by big bad yakuza gangsters. An absurd plot, despicable performances and Kawa's intense confusion between reality and fantasy make this gem viewing.

The bag of tonight produced as equally mixed and is with the last film. It is just a matter of time before the usual post New Year splurge and both is with an again. *Richard* *Adams* (1988) is a *Chorus Line* is doing very good business, as is *Dance with a Stranger*. And two Australian directors have overseas made picture opening in January. *Blaise* (1988) with *King David* and *Grains* (1988) a long-awaited *France*.



New Zealand by Mike Nicolaidi

Parr comes on strong at the American Film Market; Murphy returns, announces production plans

by Hollywood's film industry. After many months working on a project by Fox, with the tentative title of *Murder*, Murphy is back. He recently received development finance from the New Zealand Film Commission for a new feature, with *Angel of Death* as its working title. And with New Zealand director Michael (Parr) Murphy has set up Tripping Productions, with the duo proposing her features the aforementioned *Angel of Death* and (another, working title) *Murder*, which films will direct.

In talking with editors here by both directors, the project deal with the evolution of New Zealand and

the conflict between its colonial origins and the struggle to see above them. *Murder* is set in the 1930s and will be intensely local in conception and perspective.

Angel set in the 1950s-1960s, while predominantly local in content, will be more global. (One hint is perspective. Dealing with a story of land-patroling, it will show how justice in legal terms can become a struggle in human terms.)

In the first New Zealand production given a nod at the international film year, it will deepen the local connection at many of New Zealand's best filmmakers to indigenous (but so far uninteresting) themes. On 22

Alone upon Quiet Earth stars *Alone Knowledge* and *Bruce Lawrence* in the *Local Production* *Alone* production. *Bridges to Nowhere*.

January. Pacific Film, in association with the NZFC, started shooting *Ngati* on east-coast North Island locations.

Set in the late 1930s, it tells of the friendship between two Maori boys and three Pakeha, two of them Maori, one Pakeha, in a rural community. The personal discoveries made by the central characters will show the strength of the traditional Maori culture reinforced by the invasion of the world event of the time.

Ngati is the fourth in a line of new features that have begun shooting since last October. *Green City* *Reverend* and two films produced by Don Reynolds. Australian talent *Canopy* make up the last. *Murder*, directed by Richard Robb and *Dangerous Orphans*, directed by John Lang.

Other films scheduled to roll during 1989 include a multi-million dollar *Maori* (New Zealand co-production based on the writing of the Broadcasting ship *Phantom* *Warrior* at Auckland Harbour. The producers, Philipa Waybourn Productions and Filmfare International of Montreal, are confident that an location shooting will begin in Auckland in April or May.

Wincent *Ngati* filmed expects to start work on his new feature, working title *The Navigator* on South Island mountain locations in mid-year. *Murder* (Parr) is in production, due to another Reynolds production *Blissless* *George* directed by Leon Hatley by Leon Hatley.

The intended feature film *Footrot Flies*, based on the Murphy film cartoon strip, is due for completion and release at Christmas. A cost \$425 million-worth of overseas

was shipped up in ten days, when the producer's sought financial input from the public film fund.

12 months and New Year summer holiday has after various the sale of the feature have been *Healing* *A View to a Kill* *The Godfather* *Cocoon* and the Australian-made and the adventure *World War II* *National Lampoon's European Vacation* also had a strong impact, but *Santa Claus*, *The House* left off slightly after opening well. *Shogun* *Ran* (1988) *Murphy's The Quiet Earth*, which has a big box New Zealand, is also part of the industry, are intended to pick up the slack post-war for locally made features by *Canopy* is *Hot Friday*.

The most significant event in broadcasting pre-Christmas, apart from the long-running *Royal Commission* and the final release (shortly) several features, was the appointment of managers to head of the industry's most powerful positions.

Ngati, Dick 27 an Australian broadcasting executive who until 1984, was executive chairman of Southern Cross Communications in Victoria, succeeds Ian Cross as chief executive of the Broadcasting Corporation of New Zealand. As director-general of Television New Zealand, Englishman John Murphy 41, replaces Alan Miles. Murphy has a more background in television in Britain and most recently headed a new satellite-operated, free-to-air European television service set up by The British.

Murphy, 1982 has announced a major package of new production for a new year which includes a miniseries based on the crash of an Air New Zealand Flight 001 into Mt Cook in Antarctica in 1979. Also to be made is a series entitled *Pine Runner* to be produced by Wellington writer and producer Geoff McDerby.

The opening of the Seventh Festival of Latin American Cinema in Havana started with a shower of multi-colored fireworks, while dozens of musicians and dancers thronged through the crowds gathered on the rolling lawns of the classical-style Nacional Hotel.

Fifteen days later, Fidel Castro brought down the first curtain on the festival with a rousing discourse that celebrated the establishment of a new Latin American cinema in the face of US cultural dominance. The role of films was given particular prominence when Castro announced that in future the festival would be called the International Festival of New Latin American Cinema, Television and Video.

The intervening two weeks, from 2-18 December, saw over 400 films and videos screened in simultaneous sessions in eight cinemas scattered through the city. Over 1000 participants from 46 countries took part in the festival, twice as many as last year and extended — at Castro's insistence — to double the length of time, thereby sharpening Cuba's profile as the main centre of Latin American culture.

Behind the festival was the Hollywood equivalent: was a plague of celluloid horrors. Robert de Niro, Christopher Walken, Treat Williams, Henry Belasco and Jack Lemmon presiding, for 1982 festival.

Missing
Speaking to the press at a meeting with young Cuban artists, de Niro confirmed his interest in starring in a Cuban film institute production

For the second successive year, the Film nouveau festival was held in five Australian cities during November and December, at a time usually dominated by the summer blockbuster and the general cinema slump. Delivering things and more a festival according to the perspective of a selection of foreign artists, from the fact that contemporary French cinema has to offer. A man's personal view, it is a festival at finding local distribution for its films.

The widespread disappointment felt as the films screened this year is probably a reflection both of the current state of French cinema and of the conflict of interests inherent in the festival's own purpose. Last year France produced 180 features. And clearly stated the festival programme presented a wider picture of a certain middle of the road European aesthetic than they did of a prodigious film culture.

The range was limited. But most of the films through technically competent and often and ordinary exercises in filmmaking.

The festival opened with *Requie* (directed by Jean Belloc) which started off as a potentially wondrous story (the daughter of poor Jewish emigrants growing up in the little town under the influence of conservative American parents and her first love interest) and ended up as a tragedy. *Dynasty* like love story — a tale for which the local director, supposedly fifteen-year old, began to look naturally gifted, and in which several gets major scenes instead of exploitation.

Stars rush in

Castro — and Hollywood — give a major boost to the Havana Festival's profile

and would feel it that noted Cuban director Tomás Gutiérrez Alea has devoted a production of *The Tropic* with him. So while the Reagan administration continues the blockade of Cuba, the boys from New York Town are building the cultural bridge.

While the Hollywood stars went a great catch more of the prominent features were making their presence. The joint winners of the Grand Coral Film Prize for Fiction were both born and raised in most European countries. They were the ambitious *Friede, Mein Freund* (directed by the Mexican Paul Leduc) and the mysterious *Tango — L'Esprit de Gendarme* (directed by Argentinean Fernando Solinas).

More impressive was the presentation of over 200 film and video documentaries covering a range of issues concerning Latin America and the Caribbean. Mosty stark and brutal in their messages they provided the festival with more the representation of Cuba and new democratic openings in Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay.

The dominant thread through several documentaries was Maria Elena (directed by Silvio D'Amico) presented a powerful 80-minute film called *Ignora De Libertad*

(*Church of Liberty*), covering the story of the Catholic Church has been one of the main spaces in which opposition movements have found shelter during the 20 years of military dictatorship in Brazil. As the church moves to disengage itself from the community and to disengage from the Vatican.

Particularly poignant was *Maternidad de la Fama* (directed by two women from the United States calling themselves Gina Chacón (Superior Murga and Lourdes Portillo). Beautifully crafted the film built a quiet sense of outrage as mother after mother detailed the impact on their children of being their children "disappeared".



under the former units in Argentina. Another highlight of the festival was the week of Cuban film screenings and the film market. MECLA (Cuba's film unit) told us that features a year and dozens of documentaries and shorts. A stock and funny 78-minute animation called *Memories on the Highway* (directed by the Cuban director) directed a lot of foreign buyers. Most of the Cuban cinema is still secured up to \$250,000 in sales and more up to \$250,000 in production costs. While others claimed that Cuban buyers sold in the \$200 million range — with trading on stocks representing Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil and Africa — it is predicted the MECLA will become the Latin American market.

David Ross

The church looks to the future. *Leaves of Grass* (directed by the Cuban director) directed a lot of foreign buyers. Most of the Cuban cinema is still secured up to \$250,000 in sales and more up to \$250,000 in production costs. While others claimed that Cuban buyers sold in the \$200 million range — with trading on stocks representing Mexico, Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil and Africa — it is predicted the MECLA will become the Latin American market.

The real face of French cinema

Film nouveau steers firmly down the middle of the road

Lambert Wilson, supposedly French cinema's latest heart throb, was seen both in this and in *Requie* (directed by Jean Belloc) which started off as a potentially wondrous story (the daughter of poor Jewish emigrants growing up in the little town under the influence of conservative American parents and her first love interest) and ended up as a tragedy. *Dynasty* like love story — a tale for which the local director, supposedly fifteen-year old, began to look naturally gifted, and in which several gets major scenes instead of exploitation.

Though I was persuaded by a haunting atmosphere, the film's handling of its moral existential was less reported. Nothing from the crop — in the case of the film *Requie* (directed by Jean Belloc) which started off as a potentially wondrous story (the daughter of poor Jewish emigrants growing up in the little town under the influence of conservative American parents and her first love interest) and ended up as a tragedy. *Dynasty* like love story — a tale for which the local director, supposedly fifteen-year old, began to look naturally gifted, and in which several gets major scenes instead of exploitation.

Jacques Duvall's *Le tentation d'Adam*, produced by Marc Karmir, was something of a trial. Taking place mostly in desolate, photo-real hotel rooms and bedrooms, it was a film about a wealthy impostor man who at times seemed willing to destroy his wife. His ex-

posed and present girlfriend, as he lost her love for him. Adapted with the director's cynicism, style and theatrical it was reminiscent of early Fassbinder. It was also very worthy for which the public was in adequate. But it for other reasons, it was worth seeing through for the strong and glib cast in the film.

The other film produced by the film was *My Man's Love*. Written and directed by Alan Tanner, it was the official Swiss entry at the 1985 Venice festival and its title refers to the physical and psychological situation of four immigrants on the French border, each of whom dreams of being somewhere else.

The truth is the film made clear why for the rest it seemed to be an inevitable conclusion. Though immediately watchable — Bernard Besson's photography is superb — the film should have been more than a tale.

Tanner's ability physically to describe human behaviour and situation and to provide complex political and ethical perspectives through present in his choice of subject matter, not only making him an excellent. Finally, the image and interior of the film was too tight to bear any further

the most lasting and poignant image was that of Jean-Louis Poiret (Poiret) the young cow-boy, screaming away on his bicycle.

In a similar vein — a film of which the expanded image — was Chabrol's *Portrait of a Woman*. A production which I was repeatedly made responsible by its quiet and calm, human and its own. It was a play, a play, a play. The pocket of the film is a tale of a chicken dash and story for police.

For the rest, the film ranged from the notoriety to the actual. *L'homme en blanc* (Richard Muller) and *Guillemot* (Dario Argento) — which in my case was from Brazil — were not seen, as they were not seen.

Finally, *Le tentation d'Adam* (directed by Alan Tanner) it was the official Swiss entry at the 1985 Venice festival and its title refers to the physical and psychological situation of four immigrants on the French border, each of whom dreams of being somewhere else. The truth is the film made clear why for the rest it seemed to be an inevitable conclusion. Though immediately watchable — Bernard Besson's photography is superb — the film should have been more than a tale. Tanner's ability physically to describe human behaviour and situation and to provide complex political and ethical perspectives through present in his choice of subject matter, not only making him an excellent. Finally, the image and interior of the film was too tight to bear any further

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Paul Kahan



Dream maker

**Jackie McKimmie,
writer and director**

Jackie McKimmie was in suburban town when she got her first feature *Australian Dreams*. In the car — or rather had just watched the film and delivery — at a screening of the final cut.

"I only had her first feature, but Jackie McKimmie is no stranger to writing drama. She wrote plays in her early days at Sydney University and later specialised in drama at the West Australian Institute of Technology. She was already married in film but just missed the boat, the course was interrupted during her final year of study there."

But the producer was inevitable and when she began teaching she found opportunities to experiment on Super8 with her students. Enthusiasm ran high at the alternative school in Queensland where she taught and her charges even had classes to raise funds for their activities.

Her real screen debut came in 1982, however, when it play the first within walls converted into a television, *Madness for Two*, and shown on SBS. From that experience McKimmie learned a valuable lesson in future: she would seek more creative control.

In *Stations* starring Moya Hume (and which won the Golden Unicorn Award for Best Short Film in 1983) she did just that: the whole was placed and directed. Set in the three the film is based on a short story and has written about a girl whose synaptic function was impaired. It had dreamed when she gets pregnant — "It was easy to turn into a script," recalls McKimmie. "It only took three days." Really it more or less wrote itself, because it played very close to the original. "She admits that the film also is turning point. And through it she was introduced to Hazelton (who also stars in *Australian Dreams*) with whom she struck up an immediate rapport.

Stations picked up several overseas awards (Best Short Film at Tyroneer and Best in Montreal) locally. It received the rare privilege (for a short) of international release, landing up *Canada, We Might Meet You*.

Boosted up by the success, McKimmie aspired to write a longer piece. *Australian Dreams* and first submitted in a 50-minute drama to the Australian Film Commission's Creative Development Fund. Their offer extended to include length with some valuable assistance from script assistants Ron Barr and James Richardson (who appears in the film as an Orangutan).

She began the script in March 1983 and took a bridge stretch: to be completed in August 1983, just prior to shooting. The \$800,000 budget was provided under NABSA by the Queensland Film Corporation with an APC distributive guarantee and a Cinema Seven pre-sale. There are advantages in living in Queensland, says McKimmie. "And I have learned to work on the phone is a lot."

"The film is actually a lot of a family affair, she continues. "I wrote the script, co-produced it with Sue Wild and did all the casting and directed. It needed to control the vision but about the actual theory?" she laughs.

The film evolved from a long written by her husband Chris, who wrote many of the lyrics and performed them with his band The Lantingbirds (now no longer together). He's an art teacher, so he also doubled as an director, production designer and cinematographer. McKimmie was co-ordinating on the script.

Australian Dreams imagines the reality and fantasy of suburban life in middle-class Brisbane as plains McKimmie. Moya plays Dorothy Skibbe, the ambivalent but highly imaginative wife of Geoffrey (Lincoln Blumkin) who's a butcher at the local. He is a man of considerable artistic aspirations, just as she is a woman of considerable romantic inclination. She takes up a writing course, meets Todd Clark, finally it

a party — this actually an opportunity to have a very delicate period (with a lot of romance and erotic fantasy) about their relationship. The film is very much about entering one's fantasies with the characters' expectations reversed. It particularly focuses on what can happen to a woman in this situation.

"Much of the comedy is created by the fantasies, especially Dorothy's erotic and romantic illusions, which reach a point bordering on delusion. There were wonderful on delusion. There were wonderful to create and shoot. We really had good fun with them because they allowed us to be creatively loose — sort of like an *Enchanted Forest* sort of magic."

The just what written with her in mind from the second draft on and along the way included numerous exchanges with her. She really lends tremendous energy to a movie. Geoffrey's family at the role is well. And 20th Avenue Letter's opinion about with experimental film could withstand a lot.

But wasn't there any problems working on her last feature? "Probably the miscommunication was the factor, deciding the four week shoot and bringing it in on time. My only regret is that we didn't shoot another week. It was a matter of timing on your feet all the time. Apart from the leads, for instance, there was no rehearsal time for the other actors. Two weeks of the shoot were nights and we were working fourteen to sixteen hours. We shot first — on a two of about 10:1 — and sometimes we were getting seven minutes a day, which is ridiculous. But we didn't compromise on quality. We'd go with it all we got a light. But it was absolutely amazing."

McKimmie looks anxiously when asked about future projects. For there are several on the list but nothing definite yet. And what about similarities between *Australian Dreams* and *Enchanted Forest*, with which parallels have been drawn? "There are superficial similarities. It's really a quite a different type of film. Real life."

May Collett

Leap year Colin Friels, actor

If an actor's enthusiasm for a script and enjoyment of a shoot is an essential requisite of the quality of the finished product, Colin Friels is two recent films should be earmarked as winners. Although he has been appearing on screen since a 1980 debut in *Headbush*, Friels reports that only the work on *Enchanted* and *Kangaroo* have shown him that making movies can be fun. "I've made huge errors," he says. "It's not because I don't care. It's just that I didn't know the reality of the job or I didn't understand what was actually required."

For evidence of his performance in *Madness for Two* (1983) and the spirited *Enchanted* (1984), and for those who claimed that his scenes may have emerged from the mire of *Coolestango Gold* (1984) with some dignity intact, his critical and appraisal seems unduly modest. But Friels was himself avoiding personal



standards and respects the rigours and responsibilities that his craft demands. Believing that acting requires commitment, sustained consideration and a passion for the present moment, he mixes with assurance about the comedy *Enchanted* and appears totally immersed in the pleasure of making *Kangaroo* (which is at the time, in its final days of shooting in Melbourne).

The adaptation of D.H. Lawrence's Australian-based novel by Kevin Jones has, according to Friels, produced a fine screenplay. "It's very solid, but there's nothing fiction about it. It's not, it's a real thing — what interests me, one I guess — is the interaction of the characters. And in *Kangaroo*, the characters are fantastic. It's great for an actor, because there is so much for everyone to get their teeth into. Friels's admission that the script is apparent when he discusses the difficulty of adapting the 400-page novel, written in a six-week burst when Lawrence was suffering in the early twenties. "For Lawrence, a novel was an adventure of the imagination. He wrote like a sprinter and he was in a sprinting mood about it. His mind was like a sponge."

Among the other actors enjoying what appears to have been an extremely enjoyable shoot at Friels's wife Judy Clark who is playing 'Sorelli's wife' Marietta. The couple have worked together in the past and, though they had not actively



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This is the story of a stunt. It was done at dusk in a Sydney suburb last October. At around \$75,000, it cost more than any single stunt so far executed in Australia. It set a world record for a jump by a truck (362 feet), and it ended well. That last bit is important. This is not one of those stories about a charismatic daredevil who, halfway down page two, hits a brick wall and ends up spending the rest of his life in a wheel-chair. Indeed, the fact that this story does end well makes it about more than just this stunt: It is about the coming-of-age of the Australian stunt industry, which is by now the equal of any in the world, not just in truck-jumping, but in fire gels and, thanks to this same stunt, in car stunt safety harnesses. Gone are the days of persuading drunken bosses to fall off a horse, a building or a train for ten bucks and a case of Four X. In the mid-eighties, stunts are an integral part of the movie business. They have their own schools and their own dedicated professionals. One of them, 22-year-old Guy Norris, did the stunt in this story. Norris is very successful; you can tell that by the BMW he drives (not a new BMW, it is true, but a BMW all the same). He also works a lot — his credits include *Mel Mac 2* (in which he doubled for Mel Gibson), *BMX Bandits*, *Rico and Walter Story* — and, watching the stunt in this story, you can see why.

The stunt was for *Dead-End Drive-In*. It was planned with a slide-rule, working drawings and speed tests, and almost everything in it was custom-built. It is the climax of the picture, in which the hero, played by Ned Lander, crashes out to freedom from a drive-in converted into a prison compound, where he, along with a group of other unemployed youths, has spent most of the film. Lander commandeers a police truck and, thanks to a tow-rodder which the authorities have been using to unload cars, leaps over the bus office, through the main sign that says "Star Drive-In", lands outside the compound and breathes for the bills. This, in essence, is exactly what Guy Norris does, too. But he doesn't head for the hills at the end; the specially built, specially reinforced Ford truck has folded in two, like a toy car; he has landed with a groan, and bits of it are flying across the horizon from the back of his head, where it has finally come to rest.

The stunt was executed with four 120 bags, one in the truck, running at 100 miles per second (100 times the normal speed), to give a slow-motion, driver's-eye view; one, running at 30 mph at per second, which pans with the stunt; and two up the ramp; one at a

Not only Guy Norris but also the stunt.



the moon sign, running at 120 f.p.m., to capture the moment when the sign shatters in exaggerated slow motion; and a "Mad Kelly" — a camera in a protective steel casing, which is a must on most stunts — close to where the truck is expected to land. In rushes next day, it looks terrific. Even the shots of Lander pretending to drive the truck are nail-biting stuff.

Originally, though, the break-out at the end of the film was to have been rather less dramatic. "Med was just going to burst through the gates," says Norris. "It was Larry Ruckwood, the production designer, who actually came up with the idea of him bursting out over the top. He'd built this incredible box office and then fabulous sign, and they were just sitting there. We discussed the jump one morning and he said, 'Is it possible?' I said, 'Give me a week and I'll tell you.'"

The first thing Norris did was ring the States and talk to two American western friends, Kerry Rossell and Mickey Gilberts, who is second-unit director on *The Fall Guy*. "What's the go?" he asked. "What do you suggest?" Gilberts phoned him back with some suggestions for the ramp he'd need, and the one they finally built was to Gilberts's precise design.

"It's a sine curve," explains Norris, "which gives you the maximum amount of speed with the shortest distance of ramp, and without any chance of bottoming out. With an

ordinary ramp, you'd lose a lot of the impact as you hit the bottom, and you'd dig in. You'd slow right down, it would kick you down, your front suspension would try to bounce off, and you'd probably be off the ramp before you got to the top of it. The reason why people haven't done these jumps in the past is that you'd need a ramp about 30 feet high and 50-100 feet long. You'd drive up it, then start to fall. Mackey had done jumps off earth mounds, and he worked it out from that.

"If you look at the rushes, you'll notice the truck squeezes up and, as soon as you go off the ramp, the wheels pop out. It actually brings it off the ramp and makes it jump!"

"The advantage with the sine curve is that you can get so much speed on such a short ramp. This one is only 25 feet long and seven feet high and, by putting the curve on it, you can hit it really fast, and it's actually forcing you over the ramp all the way. If you look at the rushes, you notice the truck squeezes up and, as soon as you go off the ramp, the wheels pop out. It actually brings it off the ramp and makes it jump!"

Tois had told Norris what sort of

speed he could get the truck up to in the fairly limited space available, which was complicated by the fact that he had to follow the curve of the driveway's outer fence. By the end of the tests, Norris had worked out that he would hit the bottom of the ramp at between 55 and 60 mph. The ramp itself gave him three or four inches tolerance on either side of the truck's front wheels. But that wasn't really a problem: he had to be in exactly the right place anyway so, although more ramp might have been nice to see, it wouldn't have affected the stunt one way or the other.

"The main thing," says Norris, "was getting through the sign in the right place. I said, 'My left wheel will go through the 'N' of 'Star', and my right wheel will be above the 'r' of 'Drive-in'." The photographs show he hit it exactly. "It's just like a hypotenuse triangle: you take your angles up higher and work it out on the slide-rule until you get it. The advantage of the sine curve is that you know exactly where you're going to start flying."

The ramp itself was constructed out of six-millimetre, machine-stretched gridding, which gave the maximum traction at the base. Wood or sheet metal would have been no good, because the stunt was done at dusk (in the film, it's supposed to be dawn), and the early-evening dew would have made it slippery. In actual fact, though, Norris reckons he hit the ramp at something over 60 mph. The result





was that, although his calculation of where he would hit the sign was spot on, he continued on upwards after he had hit it, going both higher and further than he anticipated. "How it was worked out was to go 130 feet, you hit it at 55 mph, and your apex would be between fifteen and seventeen feet. Mine was, like, 25 feet, and the distance ended up being 165 feet, which was pretty good."

So good, in fact, that once he came down (and came down off the high), Norris immediately put a call through to Kerry Rosal. "It was 3:30 on the morning there," he says, "and he was all" — Norris makes grunting, sleeping noises. "I said, 'G'day, g'day, I've just done the jump!' And he says, 'What did you do?' I said '165 feet' and he stuffs 'You bastard!'"

The first time during the whole stunt that Norris had the chance to think was as he started up the ramp. Prior to that, all his attention had been taken up with hitting it at the right speed. "That all went superquick," he remembers. "But, as soon as I hit the ramp, it was just as slow as that" — he makes a floating movement with his hands. "I remember all the bits of the sign going really vividly, and I remember seeing sky and more sky. The thing the other guys said is, 'Whenever you do the big one, remember the view!' I remember looking over and seeing the lighting tower, and it was, like, 'Wow!' — actually, it was more like 'Fuck!' —

and then I was going down and I saw the ground coming up."

That, in fact, was the dangerous bit of the stunt. Anybody can jump off a building; it's the landing that's difficult. In this case, the success of the stunt relied on two things: the angle of the jump, and what happened to Norris when he landed. The truck itself had been specially modified, with a 500 lb weight to prevent it skidding in mid-air, because of the greater weight on the driver's side. And it was specially reinforced. "The engine and transmission moved back a foot as I landed,

"You're an egg between two rubber hands, suspended in the car: it's like having two great big hands around you"

but they couldn't go any further, because I had my own little cocoon made, and they were pushed underneath. It was very much like a racing-car pod, the whole car could have come totally apart, and I'd still have been self-contained if I hadn't had that. I would have had the engine on my lap."

But the real problem was to protect Norris from the impact. "The main injury you have with a jump is spinal compression," he says. "They lost a couple of guys in the early days, and a lot of people got badly hurt. So, they

Do you believe a truck can fly? The serious story of Norris's Death-Defying Drive is next, captured by movie-going photographer Neil Perle.

worked out this really ingenious system of having a vest and a burrito cord. You're an egg between two rubber bands, suspended in the car: it's like having two great big hands around you. But a suspension harness is a really uncomfortable thing.

"The biggest jump they'd ever done in *The Fall Guy* was around 150 feet, but the stuntman fractured three ribs and wasn't very well at the end of it. And the biggest jump anyone's ever done was 185 feet, in the *Dukes of Hazard* (Charger): a guy went over a train. But he was just wiped out. You get a lot of rib and internal damage with jumps. A friend of mine who does a lot of the jumps on *Knight Rider* always seems to hang up his kidneys. He's got an electric blanket, pre-cut, which he puts round himself. He's got a 100-foot extension cord, which he plugs in and walks round the house with for about a week, until he's better."

Norris, who is reckoned to be one of Australia's most innovative stuntmen (he has developed his own fire gel — illustrated on the title page of this article — which enables him to work open-faced for a startling amount of time), reckoned there had to be a better way. His solution to the problem was to suspend the whole stunt, fitting it



with a set of shock absorbers and, using a motor-like lever ratio of between 9 and 13:1, pivoted the seat itself, so that the impact could be absorbed at the optimum angle.

"The best thing for me about the whole jump," he says, "apart from it working so well visually, was the fact that the seat worked." The next day, he had a slightly stiff neck, and that was all. "As I started coming down, I braced myself and was squaring down on the seat. I actually bent the steering wheel! And then, bang, my head came



Another record: Norris doing the "Carnabait" stunt — riding a motor bike into a car and catapulting off — in *Mad Max 2*. Norris flew 62 feet.

up and I hit the roof. I kept waiting for more, but that was it. All I could hear was the chattering of the camera, it sounded like a insect, because it was going at 96 f.p.s. I thought: I'd better turn it off, but the control had broken when the film snapped as I landed. Then I was back to normal again: all the guys were running up, and I was trying to get out really quickly because it was so good."

Watching Norris do the stunt from the roof of a one-by building, it seemed as if it broke down into three stages: the roar of the truck accelerating towards the ramp, culminating in a hideous clang as the front end hit the building, then silence (from exploding is a very small sound compared with what had gone before — a sort of "Pouuff"), like a flash bulb bursting; and finally, a massive roaring sound, as the truck came down and started to disintegrate. Then there was another five seconds, until the stunt team reached the truck and helped Norris out. Against everybody's expectations, he didn't sit down or lean on somebody's shoulder: he jumped in the air, waved his arms about and shouted.

All of which reinforces his point, really: what he had done had been worked out in advance, and had gone almost exactly according to plan. The only problem was that, coming down 30 feet farther on than anticipated, the truck had missed the Ned Kelly. Not surprisingly, Norris was happy about

the stunt. "I'm pretty hard on myself, and everything I've done is in competition with myself. But, this time, I have to be honest and say, 'I don't think it could have gone much better.' Now we know we can jump a three-ton vehicle that sort of distance, walk away and get those sorts of shots. So, I can say next time 'Let's do it differently. Next time, we can jump over something else.'"

Whatever he does jump over next time, Norris will certainly plan it just as carefully and for just as long — not just to prevent himself from getting banged up and having to walk around in an electric blanket, but because he, like most modern stuntmen, needs the profession to be respected for what it is. "The main thing now," he says, "is to get people to see that we aren't yokels. In the old days it used to be, like: 'We'll do it and, whatever happens, happens.' Now, for a shot that's taken \$100,000, it's got to be exact. People say, 'Oh, you're crazy!'



A stuntman prepares: Norris works on the truck.

Well, there's obviously a degree of that somewhere, or we wouldn't do it. But, mainly, it's all worked out first. The whole trick is picking up your cheque, having a good time spending it, and being able to do it again the next day. Anybody can do a stunt once."

Nick Radlick ■

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Man of Plenty



David Stratton catches up with Fred Schepisi, back in Australia with his much-praised new film, *Plenty*.



Schepisi behind the camera during the shooting of *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith*.



Why not wine? Schepisi with William Newton during a break in the shooting of *Barbarosa*.



Director on film: Schepisi on the *Immortals* set with Lindsay Crouse and (in the lobby) John Lee. Left, Schepisi on the *Plenty* set with Frances Condon and Jeremy Sims. Top left, Schepisi during the shooting of *The Devil's Flag*.

Fred Schepisi has been away for an years. The last time I interviewed him was in mid-1979, still depressed at the commercial failure of *The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith* the previous year, he had signed with 20th Century-Fox to direct, in America, his own original screenplay, *Witnessed Love*.

Soon after our meeting, he sold his Melbourne house and left for Los Angeles with his family. I met up with him a few times during the intervening years. I had dinner at his home one evening, soon after *Witnessed Love* (about a twice-married man having an affair with a young woman) had finally fallen through, mainly because of the alarming changes of direction at the top of the studio. We had dinner at a Beverly Hills restaurant soon after *Immortals* opened. And there'd been the odd meeting in between. But now, with his most successful film, *Plenty*, crowding good notices in Britain and the US and about to open in Australia, Schepisi was back at the Melbourne office of Film House, working on a TV commercial for an insurance company.

"I stood there with Freddie Fields, then head of MGM, underlining the funny bits in the script to show him it was a comedy!"

He's made three features in those six years, and there have been more than twice that many projects that have fallen through for a variety of reasons. There was *Parade*, a rape-dramatic movie for Lerner, and *The Mendicant Man*, scripted by Herman Broder (Bannister of '46), to have been set in Sydney and to have starred Olivia Newton-John. There was *Double Standards*, also known as *The Other Man*, a screenplay by Judith Rossa which, Schepisi says, "would have had an impact on this age like *The Moon is Blue* had in the '60s". Even with those big names connected to the project (Gene Hackman, Ray Schindler, Ann-Margret), the film, a sophisticated sex comedy, was rejected by the majors as "too old", and still didn't get off the ground when it began with William Hurt and Karen Allen. "I had them," Schepisi says, barely concealing his frustration, "but they still wouldn't make the bloody thing. I used them with Freddie Fields, then head of MGM, underlining the funny bits in the script with a yellow pencil to show him it was a comedy! I was serious! He couldn't see how funny it might have been."

There was also *Meet Me at the Movies*, an original screenplay by Schepisi set in Atlanta in the thirties, about a repressed man and a free-spirited woman. "Too soft," said the people at Warner's. "I don't think they even read the bloody thing."

Man of Plenty

says Schepin. Misconceptions was another original screenplay, it was a comedy about paranoias, a kind of modern *Truhy-Hopkins* subject. There was a comedy about Robin Hood, to be made for Mid Brooks's company. There was a subject about the people who get politicians elected, which was to have starred Jacqueline Bress and Ray Schelton, but this one was vetoed by Hanes (who had director approval and clearance there were no vibes between her and Schepin).

"In Plenty, what is being said is greatly affected by where it's being said. The 'where' is sometimes a comment, sometimes a counterpoint, but always an essential character in its own right"

The only one of these films that eventually did get made, but not by Schepin, was *Raggedy Man*. Written by William D. Weidit, this was a story about a young wife who leaves her husband when she sees him cheating her with another woman, and then living alone in a small Texas town, the year is 1940. Weidit had seen *Johnny Blackhawk* and, once after *Barbarosa* Lane hit through, approached Schepin to work with him on the project. Sally Field had been cast as the lead, but she had director approval, too, and it took an agonizingly long time for her to approve Schepin. Eventually, she bowed out, and Ruff Spauld took the picture, also with director approval. By this time, Schepin had worked for months with Weidit, re-shaping the screenplay. In the end, however, the studio, Universal, bowed to Spauld's wishes; her husband, Jack Pott, an art director with no previous directorial experience, took over the film. Schepin's rewrites were rejected.

Ironically, though, it was this stage disappointment which eventually led to Schepin's first American film, *Barbarosa* (1982), also scripted by Weidit (two ex-producers). This western page, about the kidnapping of a Texas farmer and a famous outlaw, had been offered to various studios, including Universal. It eventually ended up at ITC, Lew Grade's American production company, with distribution through Associated Film Distributors, a company set up to handle ITC and MCA releases at the US. The leads were already cast. "They interviewed me, I interviewed them," says Schepin. He'd seen Cary Bass in *The Buddy Holly Story*, and was very excited about him. "I'd heard he was difficult, but I didn't know he'd be quite as difficult as he turned out to be." But there

was instant rapport with Willie Nelson. Schepin worked (uncredited) on the script, and when the film "with a great crew" set locations in Texas. That "great crew" included Australian Ian Baker, who'd shot both Schepin's earlier features. Lines problems were avoided because of the Texas location, and Schepin was relieved to be working with his old friend and collaborator. Baker would later shoot both *Force* and *Plenty* and, says Schepin, is uncredited for balancing the quality of his work with the demands of the budget.

Small problems, exacerbated by the fact that the distributor, AFD ("Another Fuggin' Dealer"), says Schepin) was collapse at the time. Eventually, distribution of the film passed to Universal when a bid already been rejected at script stage and, despite positive reviews, it was virtually dumped. One of the elements in the film Schepin looks back on with most pride was his own casting of veteran actor Gilbert Roland as Don Barbaro. "He was famous 75 years old, and a consummate professional."

Despite the commercial failure of *Barbarosa*, Schepin was offered other scripts. "In Hollywood, if you make an interesting film, whether it works or not, they appreciate what you've done. If you set out to make a commercial film and it fails, they say you're just all over you." One of the scripts was *Immune*, written by Chip Proser and John Brennan, and picked up by producer-director Norman Jewison, a Canadian with many commercial successes behind him, from *Ice* to *Heart of the Night* to *Fiddler on the Roof*.

The intriguing story dealt with the discovery of a prehistoric man frozen in the Arctic ice, then thawed out into the 20th century, and one of Schepin's first problems was to discover what kind of film Jewison (who'd originally planned to direct it himself) wanted to produce. Overall, there was agreement between the two men, though they did clash over the final cut. Chief problem, though, was to cast an actor for the central role. A French-Canadian actor was considered, then a Korean chap, then a French-Canadian from way up north in the Arctic. Finally, Schepin settled on John Lone, whose training and experience had been remarkably varied (he's Peking opera, method acting in New York). He was too tight for the part, but, after special training, he added weight and muscle, and his extraordinary grace and agility made him a memorable figure.

Critics were generally kind to *Immune* (though some considered it unrespectably to Ken Russell's *Altered States*), but its release, in mid-1984, through Universal, was not very successful, and it has, so far, not played in Britain. Almost immediately, however, Schepin was offered the opportunity to direct his next film, an adaptation of the very successful David Hare play, *Plenty*. The drama

"Meryl is clearly the premier actress of her generation on film"

opens are unusually interesting. Hare himself had directed the original London and Broadway productions, which starred Kate Mulgrew, and was actively preparing to direct his own first feature, *Wetherby*. But neither he nor his producer, Edward R. Pressman, wanted a British director to make the film. "They wanted someone not associated by the very industries the story was examining," says Schepin. The first aim was to have an American, then Hare suggested an Australian ("They're sort of like Americans"), and several were considered. A screening for Hare of *The Devil's Playground* led to a meeting, and Schepin, who had seen the Broadway production of the play and much admired it, got the job (the final choice, he says, was between him and George Hare H.D.).

Kate Mulgrew was seriously considered for the leading role of Susan Trevelyan, through whose eyes we see a British declining from the end of World War II until the Kate Crane. The trouble, says Schepin, was the budget. Hare and Pressman wanted to open up the play, to give it greater scope and scale. "There was great scale which was only hinted at on stage, but it pervades the atmosphere. Hare is being said is pretty affected by whom it's being said. The 'where' is sometimes a comment, sometimes a counterpoint, but always an essential character in its own right. If we did it with Kate, we'd have been limited to a \$4.5 million budget, if the budget could have been raised. Even with Meryl Streep, it was still horribly difficult to get the money. Also, Kate's particular approach to the character would have been suggested and changed, but Meryl brings different qualities to the part. She's clearly the premier actress of her generation on film, while Kate is beginning the premier actress of her generation on stage."

As usual, Schepin collaborated (perhaps credit to Hare's interplay. "I showed David by sending him not more and more dialogue back in the film. He kept saying, 'Are you mad? Every director on the world wants to take the dialogue out!' But I said, 'Believe me, it'll work this way because, when of re-writing it really to express it all visually, we should concentrate on the language.' It's a beautiful language piece. But it doesn't seem silly if you give it the kind of scale we did." Nor was he worried, finally, at the casting of an American actress in such a very English role. It certainly helped (that Streep had earlier been accepted to an English role in *The French Lieutenant's Woman*). During the screening, Tracy Ullman's role of Alice was admired





Trenchard-Smith on the set of *Dead-End Drive-In*.

A Horse for all courses

He is a devout cowboy who has always wanted to be Errol Flynn. He has been set on five nights' sleep, knocked down by a car three times, gone through a woodchuck spoo, has climbed down the left cliff of the Greater Union Building and (pursed shivers) has climbed the Sydney Heads without a rope. Though he is considered a 'herald guy' both here and in Hollywood — the Red Adair of the Australian film industry — he still believes it is a privilege just to be making films.

Producer or no, his films are certainly profitable: since 1973, he has made ten theatrical features and seven telemovies. He is probably the only director in the world to be represented in February's American Film Market in Las Angeles by as few as three films, all completed in the past year: *Hong Kong*, *Jesus*, *Jesus: His and Dead-End Drive-In*. The other remarkable thing about the director (in the context of Australian cinema) is that his films rarely always make money. But, at 39, after working for more than 20 years in films, Brian Trenchard-Smith believes he is only just beginning to get into his stride.

"There it," he says, "something you always get in a Trenchard-Smith movie: pace, a strong visual sense, and what the movie is actually about told to you very persuasively. Whatever I do, I'll still be applying a mass of pace, trying to find where the job is, and trying to make the film look a lot better than it cost." In the

Action, horror, exploitation, tearjerkers, kids' pictures, training films — not yet 40, Brian Trenchard-Smith has made them all. Brian Jones talks to Australia's most prolific filmmaker — and one of our most commercially successful.

industry, he indeed has a reputation for cost-consciousness — something which he turned pass down to a sense of responsibility to a film's investors. It must also, however, have something to do with his lean and extremely varied career.

Although his ancestors are Australian, Trenchard-Smith was brought up in England, and made his first film while at school there. "I was a leading light in the school Arts Society," he says. "And, somehow, I was given the job of making a film, or tape, about a year to the life of the school. When I left, I put the film under my arm and showed it around with as few people as I could. 'We've got a job for you.' That someone was the Central Electricity Generating Board, and they wanted a film about pylons. From there, Trenchard-Smith became a cameraman with a Pouchon company in London, then moved to Australia.

"Ten days after nothing," he says, "I

got a job with Cinema Ten, I happened to walk in at the right time. They said: 'Can you do news?' I said: 'Is the Pope catholic?' and started straight away. Eventually, I got into writing station promos, and they let me doing it a lot for features." He did something like 80 of those and, in the meantime, worked up the nerve to ask the channel to give him a proper job: producer and director. For them, he did several films, including *For Victor and The Boatman* — his first collaboration with a profession that was to come to dominate him, as well as to play an important role in his films.

Leaving TV, Trenchard-Smith was writer, producer, director and even actor in his early films — highly successful, highly commercial features like *The Kangaroo Killers* (1974), *The Love Epidemic* (1975), *The Man from Hong Kong* (also 1975) and *Dead-End Drive-In* (1976). There was also a first entry film for Film Australia, *Hospitality Don't Burn Down* (1975) — the idea, of course, arose — to which he applied his usual principles. The result was a highly effective safety film that also, unusually, reaped its cost out of commercial sales overseas.

In 1978, Trenchard-Smith went to the US, where he spent some time at the Disney studios. "They gave me an office on the corner of Mickey Avenue and Disney Drive, and I was instructed to walk in the morning, then go and look at a few shots of The



Black Hole, so I could see their operating procedures on a big special-effects project. I'd hand my pages in at the end of the day, and they'd be returned to me in the morning with pencilled comments from the story editor." In the States, he encountered a wider range of filmmaking experience than what he had had as a filmmaker in Australia, "overseeing blood and tears to get a film financed every eighteen months, then having to make it in a hurry."

Back in Australia, he worked with producer Tim Wenneberg on one of his most commercially successful films, **1945** (**Barbie** 1985), and became involved in a project Broadbent was unsuccessfully trying to get up. It was **Jonny Rused Me**, which he describes as "a transporter for men." "I identified with the human tragedy," he says. "A father could come home one day and find his partner and the girl who had seduced him dead for the past six years suddenly gone."

"One important element in the film is commitment to family and children, as opposed to individual selfishness and the fear of the loss of freedom. I was trying to show that the motivation of the seventies can put a family into a genuine hell. The revelation had a trade-it-in, throw-it-away attitude towards relationships. If they don't work out, move on. Well, there's a price to pay for moving on when children are involved; you can irreversibly damage their lives. And I'm suggesting that, in Australia, where there has been a 40% failure rate in marriage, there has been a fairly happen-

"The seventies had a trade-it-in, throw-it-away attitude towards relationships: if they didn't work, move on"

stance that hasn't really been thought through."

The original screenplay for *Jonny* was by Judith Colquhoun, but there was difficulty in getting it funded. "I wanted to give the story more edge," says Trenchard-Smith, "make the characters more sophisticated and the feeling more upmarket, more accessible to a wider audience. Judith, whom I greatly respect as a writer, was not prepared to make the changes, so I got Warwick Hinde to do it to my specifications, then I cut about six pages, wrote me a couple of scenes in a very crude way, wrote two new scenes of my own, and made the necessary adjustments during shooting, when an actor was uncomfortable with this or that line."

The result, in other words, is very much a Brian Trenchard-Smith film. But the other two of his current crop have had rather less than ideal preparation periods for him — less than a day in the case of *Frog Dreaming*. "Errolit De Meche, the writer,

Trenchard-Smith or work on *Jonny Rused Me* — something of a new departure for him. He calls it a "male transporter."

and Barle Taylor, the producer, tracked me down to a Japanese restaurant, where I was eating after finishing an episode of *Pink Mile Creek* for television. They gave me a scope and said, "Can you start tomorrow?"

"Frog Dreaming" is about a ten-year-old kid who suspects there's something at the bottom of a nearby pond. Everybody is afraid of it, including the local Aboriginal. It's a charming, uneasy adventure, rather than a knock-down, drag-out action picture like **1945** (**Barbie**). Also, I was interested in working with Henry Thomas, of *E.T.* fame. As well as being a very talented kid, he had the experience of four features behind him, so I treated him as an equal partner, not, like, 'I'm 19 and you're fourteen.' I asked him how he'd react in such a situation, because I don't think through the mind of a fourteen-year-old. "You can't treat kids like robots and just tell them what to do; it's far better to create a situation in their minds so they're not acting it, they're living it. That applies to all scenes, of course, but kids can operate on that level more easily than adults. And it's rather fun watching it happen."

Trenchard-Smith also worked with a child — Tanita West, who plays Jenny — on the other feature, and worries his new interest in kids' movies is having some of the own. "Children are the future of the planet," he says, "and, unless we look after the future of the planet, we're doomed. Even as filmmakers, we have to take responsibility for that. I don't want to do films that propagate an unhealthy point of view or do people damage." For the record, he sees the violence and splatter of *Unky Spook* (1985) as a form of protective identity. "It's over the top, a spoof. When one of the villains accidentally chops his hand off in half with a hand saw while trying to kill someone else with it, he just clutches his head and says, 'Oh, shit.' There is a huge dose of laughter from the audience."

Dead-End Drive-In is a little over the top, too, based on a short story by Peter Gervy called "Crab" (which is the central character's name); it is a piece of future shock about a world rife with youth unemployment, to which the drivers have been turned into benevolent concentration camps. "It's a situation that is within the bounds of possibility," says Trenchard-Smith. "I've as extreme as the *Mad Max* 2, post-holocaust situation — and of *Mad Max* 2 to 3/4. To contain the unwanted elements of society, some bright spark says, 'We won't go with the petrol dogs and the burned wire and the machine guns; let's be clever, let's make it benevolent, let's give the little bastards what they really want. You know: give 'em sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll, junk food, knock-down money, rock clips on the video machines in the cafeteria;

then they'll be happy, and they'll do it all inside the fence. They won't do it in the streets or steal our video machines."

"The Drive-In is, of course, an allegory for the junk values of the eighties, which our hero sees as a prison. The last 30 minutes of the film — the escape — is the desperate, bloody chase, but the whole film has a feeling of bathos, of heightened or enhanced reality — a little bit over the top, but retaining a quality that the public will accept. This feeling of bathos, I try to bring to a greater or lesser degree to all my films. I generally achieve it by using a very mobile camera and a number of low wide-angles, and I always cut fairly fast and tight. In the last couple of films, I've structured my style to have the camera movement of interest and the coverage of television."

"I don't think a cinema audience objects to extreme closeups, within reason. But, for a TV or video audience, after seven seconds, the brain will be saying, 'I want to see that closer.' Unless you're in a darkened theater with a big screen and stereo, some of the subtleties will be lost: put it on television, and it often looks like two hands-poke-in-the-eyeball style of the screen. I don't see this as a compromise, rather I consciously decide to please the maximum audience."

Given its ambitions, **Dead-End Drive-In** is a modestly budgeted film, and Trenchard-Smith has strong views on budgets. "Our budgets are shrinking like ice-bergs. I would like to see a situation where there was more overlap of job responsi-

"Children are the future of the planet and, unless we look after the future of the planet, we're doomed"

bility and people were a little more hungry, like in the old days. I fear that, if people don't take a good, hard look at this problem, it is going to put our long-term survival as a film industry at risk."

"I'd love to do a big-budget picture, though. And I don't see why films of that kind can't be made in Australia. **Raiseback** had a distinctly Australian flavor, yet it was another Giant Animal picture, intended to appeal to lovers of Giant Animal pictures all over the world. Why can't we make a Giant Comedy picture? I think we could really do a *Mad, Mad World* in a *Blues Brothers* No means why we couldn't put David Aron and Wilbur Wade together in a car, and let them work Melbourne audiences would respond to it all over the world."

"As for me, I'd like to keep on making films for ever. I'd love to be, in the age of 98, firing up the last shot of the movie, on a 70 mm camera, then hand over just after I'd said "Cut." What a way to go!" ■



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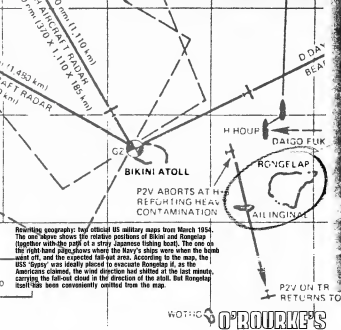
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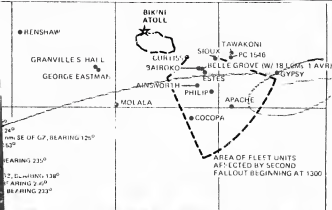
Nick Reddick talks to **Dennis O'Rourke** about *Half Life*, his widely-acclaimed study of how the US military used the inhabitants of a tiny Pacific atoll as nuclear guinea pigs.

For most filmmakers, arriving in Australia has meant learning to play a certain kind of game. If it wasn't such a loaded word, 'compromise' would be a good name for the game: one person's aspirations have had to be made fit another's perception of

commercial reality, and others have had to be brought into line with consensus. But, for those filmmakers who are willing — or have learned — to play the game, Australia remains a pretty good place in which to make films. Thanks to a tax system which, for all its recent damage, still compares favourably with anything anywhere else in the world, there are filmmaking opportunities out of (most) proportion to what the 'market' — not to mention the population — could be expected to bear. Provided you make a certain kind of film. And provided you play the game.

In this respect — as others, too — Dennis O'Rourke is something of an anomaly. Unlike most Australian directors, he is

better known abroad than he is in Australia; his films have been seen and won prizes at a whole slew of European and American festivals, and they have been commissioned by and broadcast (albeit sometimes in adapted versions which O'Rourke loathes) on the BBC and other serious television stations. What is more, O'Rourke has made a living out of directing documentaries, has not 'played the game', and has produced some of the most distinctive film work to come out of Australia in the past decade. Finally, in a genre dominated by an almost unanimous belief in theory, O'Rourke has made apparently unorthodox films about the South Pacific and its inhabitants — films



Guest mixer: Dennis O'Rourke on the *Markkubers* with long-time companion, John A. Jones

which show an overwhelming commitment to the lives and problems of the people they are about, yet bear the unmistakable stamp of their maker's personality.

O'Rourke's films, like O'Rourke himself, are not easy to categorize. But, while category is a dangerous word in the field of documentary — it has been used too often to justify distortions of reality which are true to the "spirit" of a subject, or flights of self-serving fancy which are supposed to have the authority of art — it applies well to O'Rourke's work, which has integrity in the sense of wholeness as well as that of

honesty. Indeed, his films are a rare mixture of the two things they most of their subjects with affection and respect, but not reverence, and they do not shy away from the resources of cinema. Fellow documentarists and frequent colleague Gary Kilday has called O'Rourke's films "naïve." The word is a little misleading, implying the free-flowing editorializing of, say, Chris Marker's *Sans visages* (1969). But, naively, in a good word for what O'Rourke does with a camera and a Magna rather than a pen, he discovers, as a subject, using the images and sounds of that subject to tell its story.

O'Rourke's subjects have, to date, always been the natives of the Pacific basin

and their compound nations against the colonizers — economic, religious, military — who have moved in on their homelands, to impose their own "civilized" paradises with one hand, leaving, delayed or in the case of their being discovered, in with the other. A *Markkubers* appears as at least two of his films has a transistor radio as the first sound, broadcasting commercials for *Markkubers* and *Markkubers* with a circle of about 100 people and a *Markkubers* band in the background. The shot is almost a eulogy to O'Rourke's work: he certainly placed the transistor in the shot, but he didn't put it on the ground, in the first place, and his visual *Markkubers* is designed to create a small story which, however, unfolds in a larger tragedy.

In *Yam Yot* (1976) and *Dekeke* (1978), O'Rourke chronicled the process whereby Papua New Guinea got its independence in *Yam . . . How Did They Know World Like This* (1980), he looked at a theatre where, past classic opera, past tragedy, which introduced television onto the tiny Micronesian island of Yap by means of tapes flown in once a month from Southern California; they turned out to be simple, off-air recordings of a San Fernando valley TV station, and complete with the commercials for junk food and J.C. Penney. In *The Markkubers of Kaiti* (1983), O'Rourke's most ambitious film before *Half Life*, he examined the ancient ritual of shamanism — basically, going out in a boat and facing the sharks (thought to contain the spirits of dead ancestors) and a fishing canoe with a combination of music, chanting and coconut shells banged together — and looked at how that ancientness were gradually destroying it.

In *... Coming to Be Fairer* — the title is a quote from Sir John Barker-Potter — O'Rourke moved "visitors" to the northern part of his native Queensland, to look at Aboriginal land rights. The film (made in

1994) is his least successful, perhaps because it is dominated by a voice-over from Mick Miller, a hard-right politician, who (nervously) takes the lead of confrontational rhetoric O'Rourke himself has managed to avoid. But "... *Couldn't Be Better*" is a far better film than the version of it the BBC (who commissioned it) decided to transmit, arguing that such background music as the small-town "Grown Boy Contest" — a heavy composition to establish the best and spiciest in town — were "not very nice" and didn't really belong in the film. O'Rourke, who didn't much like the BBC changing the title of the Yap film to *South Seas and Soft Soap*, is now having similar problems with *Half Life*. "The music," he says, "is right of authorship, so which television tends to make a rather cavalier approach, especially if you're a long way away."

O'Rourke knows about television, since he started out at the ABC in 1959. After a couple of failed stints as the tinsel north pole of which was severely, he arrived in Sydney looking for work, and ended up as an assistant producer at the ABC's *Junior* film studio. "All those years have you been in the front yard," I planted," he says. From the front yard, he moved up — slightly — to the job of assistant cameraman. "I always knew I was going to make films," he says, "but not everyone else shared any certainty. The ABC was quite happy to let me stay there for ever in that so-called 'technical' role. It was almost like you were supposed to put on a grey dust jacket when you arrived for work. According to the hierarchical system, if you came out of the cinema department, you weren't directorial material. For that, you were supposed to come out of management or from the journalistic side. That's changing now. But when I left the place in 1973, I thought: Well, maybe the most important thing I've done here is plant those gum trees."

He had, however, learned about cameras, which is why he went there in the first place and, after leaving, he went first-time to a cameraman. That is how he first got to Papua New Guinea, then still under the rule of Australia. It was to prove an ongoing love affair. O'Rourke spent most of the seventeen years, learned to speak New Guinea pidgin, and married a New Guinea woman, Rosemary, who is now a regular collaborator on his films.

The love affair with New Guinea has had one problematic side-effect, however: in a sense more bitter with experience than any other, O'Rourke has come to be labelled an ethnographic documentarian. Rosemary Douglas, for instance, in a perceptive and enthusiastic account of *The Sharecroppers of Koroia* for the Pacific History Association, had no doubts: "The new concern with visual ethnography in the Pacific," he wrote, "has produced at least one outstanding talent. *The Sharecroppers of Koroia* is not only O'Rourke's most compelling and mature work, but a film of considerable significance in the course of Melanesian ethnography."

O'Rourke, who has kept the PHA's secretary, "personally because I like it," is not so sure about the categorization. "Because I went to Papua New Guinea, lived the place, and my films were about brown people, I was supposedly in that school of filmmaking which some people call ethnographic. I don't name myself an ethnographic filmmaker, but it took me a while to realize that that whole ethno-

graphic/visual idea was a forced one, and a blind alley there is storytelling, and how you choose so it should in no way be confined by anybody's theoretical waggings or interpretations."

"I think you've got to make the distinction, in a film, between the moments and the total statement — the construct of the film. You can have moments, and they are accidental. But they're accidental like you don't have a car accident unless you hop in a car and drive on the road. The film — the intention to make it — is not accidental. *Yamuk Yet* is a real 'first film' — a mixed bag of all sorts of cinematic tricks and ideas. But, from *Bikman* onwards, all my films have basically been journeys of experience that is, one seeking to find out something. You have two protagonists all the people who represent the subject of the film, and me, the filmmaker. That mixture is there in all the films, and the films work, not because they are about people who go out and catch sharks, but because, in the end, they're cinema, and because of the way in which cinema can affect people."

The nature of the two protagonists is clearly central to O'Rourke's films (and it may well be why "... *Couldn't Be Better*"), which has a third protagonist in the shape of Mick Miller, in the form successfully. Their power comes, from some of a dynamic (as opposed to a one-way) relationship between the maker and the made. As O'Rourke puts it, "the nature of the film as you go and stay in an isolated community. You are a guest."

His films repeatedly arrived to the advantage of that method. In *Yamuk Yet*, two groups of people — the men building the house here, and the women sarcastically watching them do it — interact through the camera, commenting on each other, to themselves, one of the filmmakers lectures the camera about not talking while the



One of the first family member TV in a scene from *Yap: New Old Time Yap: New Old Time*.

simple is taking place ("Like any other form of 'ethnography,'" remembers O'Rourke, "you don't always catch a film, no matter how good the means. Mostly, it was my luck. I was told 'I'm Yap, the US commander put me through the remains for the support of the television project system with extraordinary honesty. O'Rourke has clearly passed his own filters and, more importantly, does not betray it."

Before *Half Life*, though, which won a good part of its power to the relationship between O'Rourke and the inhabitants of Rongelap Atoll, the almost illustration of the dynamic in work comes near the end of *The Sharecroppers of Koroia*, where the filmmaker have taken one (apparently knowing) step further towards the destruction of the custom. Building up the shark fins and taking them into the market and

now, they sell them to Ah Chow, proprietor of the local Chinese store, who pays them in cash but warns them they will not get the "world market price" unless they can supply him with fins by the ton. The men accept the price, because they need



Wides of the great ABC *Choirs* Less known as a *Wing Movie* past members in March 1961. The *Choirs*, and *Wings* had been "accidentally" signed in the left-out.

cash in the new, "baked" economy of New Ireland. And then first step on the way home is a local bus. "Drink takes away our inhibition caused by traditional customs," they tell O'Rourke, the camera. "It's the drink which gives us hope." Whether a real relationship between filmmaker and subject, such "confidence" would be unlikely to occur. They are, in the instant sense, "provoked," the othermakers wouldn't have registered all that if the camera hadn't been there. But they are no more provoked than the statements make make to one another in conversation, and their positioning within the film makes them more than mere sides.

O'Rourke is proud of his role in bringing the information out. "If I didn't," he says, "I'd consider myself to have failed. And, with people who are more docile in documentary filmmaking, it's almost as if the means of their success is the degree to which they've failed. The more they fall in doing what cinema can do — synthesize that wonderful emotion, the indescribable, dreamlike energy — the happier they are. Some people object to it, but the best way I have to describe how I make films is that, I don't make the film, the film make me. I put myself in a circumstance, in a situation, then, as each new thing unfolds, I pursue it."

The pursuit of *Half Life* began some six years ago, when O'Rourke went to Morobe for the TV station WOHK, invited to make the TV series *Yap*. On that visit, he met some of the people he would work with on *Half Life*. Then, in 1983, while working for Film Australia (his experience about which he has plenty to say, but prefers not to be quoted on), he was awarded on Rongelap Atoll for a couple of weeks when the only plane serving the island stopped again trouble. "We were sitting around, talking to people," he says, "and the story, most of which I'd heard before, started to come out and confound. So, one day, I got up to the morning and thought: We're here, we ought to tell make a film." "That was when the first interview with *Madu Angaru* (which appears late in the film) and which, O'Rourke quickly points out, is at mythic variance with the rest, in that it sees a story was done. "I filmed all week, until the plane came back. Then I processed the rushes on Bankard, and not about raising the money. At that stage, it was still to be a

one-hour film, along the lines of the others. But I ended up making a film about something much smaller than the Marshall Islands. I worked out from there, into the heartland of America, into the Pentagon, the AEC and the wider issues the film encompasses."

The wider issues encompassed by *Half Life* (as Mark Spano points out in his review on page 74) are those of the deliberate use of the Marshall Islands as guinea pigs for the effects of nuclear fall-out. By implication, the issues extend to include the whole of the "first" and "second" world's policy towards the Pacific, a reason made up of small packets of people who are unlikely to put up much organized resistance to nuclear tests on or near their homes, and whose larger islands are now proving to be the ideal locations for today's fly-in-sun-bathe-and-fly-out holidays (which will be the subject of O'Rourke's next, as yet untitled, film).

The gradual realization of the degree of harm being done was into the supposedly accidental introduction of Rongelap and Uruk to something that came as O'Rourke made *Half Life*. And, in an area where an understandable hostility often prevails, his attitude — almost his reluctance — about accepting the evidence is one of the things that gives the film its persuasive power.

"You have to go back to March 1954," he says, "when the Bravo bomb was detonated on Bikini Atoll. These things were happening: the McCarthy hearings were in full swing, later in March, Oppenheimer lost his security clearance, mostly because he was opposed to developing thermonuclear weapons, the French were losing in Indo-China, and everybody still believed in the domino theory. Most crucially, the Russians had detonated their first thermonuclear weapon, and, from snatching they had done, the Americans knew the Russians had made an enormous, enormous leap in their nuclear technology. Today, with the threat of nuclear war hanging over us, everyone works on the principle that we must avoid a hot, in 1954, the feeling was that it was inevitable. The bomb was new, and the full-on it created a completely unknown element. Bravo was perfect for testing it. The element is there, the size they made it, the height above the ground — it was designed to stack all that stuff up."

"They had this tiny outpost, Rongelap, which could only be reached by ship after a three-day voyage and was controlled by the military, and the Americans there thought it was likely to stay that way. What they didn't reckon was that, 50 years on, the debate would be in the United Nations, and that people would be arguing their own best case lawyers, and that there'd be people like me out there making films about it? They thought it was remote and would stay isolated. It's only in the last few years that the Marshallese have taken control of their own imagination. In the mid-seventies, for example, a group of Japanese fishermen experts arrived in the Marshall to carry out a study. The Americans wouldn't let them in, they turned them back at the airport."

"The rumors have always been around. There was people telling me, before I made the film, that it was all deliberate. I found that rather hard to accept. I was inclined to think, in the early stages, that it was the normal 'conspiracy theory' idea. But this is what I think happened. To start with, I can't imagine that there is a document anywhere from President Eisenhower to Lewis Stuxess, Chairman of the Atomic

Energy Commission, that says 'We need to irradiate these people.' But it's like arguing a case before a court, and, on the film, I present the evidence. Questions have to be asked. For the previous 30 years, the people on that island were evacuated for their own safety. For this one, they were told 'See, it's safe, the islands were decontaminated, because that might suggest that I believe there is a document somewhere. What I say in documents were made, both before the test and during it, deliberately to allow them to be exposed."

"In the film, you see Americans service-men coming ashore from an airplane with secret cameras. Now, it's OK for them to do that — to walk around in their protective suits — because they were only there for 30 minutes. It's the cumulative dose — the dose per hour — that counts. It's very much like running on a marathon race, putting in a shocker and shelling it up. You don't want to burn it, you just want to give it the right amount, a controlled dose."

"On the weight of the evidence now, the historical circumstances, the lies about the word decontamination, the position of the ships — the ability they had to take the people off, the nature of the nuclear tests, you can



Ellen Jones shows the scar from her thyroid tumor operation. All but one of the children who were on Rongelap when they were evacuated have undergone the same operation.

come to only one conclusion: they knew what they were doing. That is what the American warheadmen say at the end of the film. He's a patriot, and he doesn't want to believe it. I don't want to believe it either. It gives me no pleasure at all. But I now believe it to be the case."

Reluctant or not, O'Rourke makes the case convincingly in *Half Life*. Indeed, it is his reluctance to rush to judgement that makes the frustrated film so effective. The other thing which makes it work so well is the meticulous attention that has been paid to the films means whereby the case has been put over. The information is not simply presented in a crafted with all the care of a Clarence Darrow, summing up for the defence for the prosecution, and paying as much attention to the style of his speech as to the content.

Three individuals stand out. O'Rourke's reliance on radio compositions, he soundtrack, and his use of written information. The soundtrack makes brilliantly good use of Hawaiian steel music, played by Bob Broome, a New Yorker living in the Catskills town of Woodstock, who has the world's largest collection of Hawaiian 78s. On Hawaii itself, O'Rourke could find an one willing or able to play the music the way he wanted it, slow, satirical, putting the words "Savvy Sas paradise" between inverted commas. (Like the music, the sound of the waves lapping on the shore has again been

mixed in over the "direct" sound of the seashore, satisfying to O'Rourke's interest in a precise control of the natural experience. "You must listen to the talking of a clock in a quiet room," he says. "The sound of the sea was like the inevitability of a slow death by radiation poisoning, and the inevitability that the film is leading to a conclusion."

O'Rourke makes similarly careful use of written information, specifically subtitles and caller taken. The subtitles draw the words of the Marshallese, running them from comments into statements, and they are not simply further up the screen than normal subtitles, so that they become a part of the image, rather than something scribbled across the bottom. And the caller taken, which contain crucial information about the UN trusteeship agreement and the facts of the Bravo test, are similarly a part of the film, not a way to get up a list of dates and awkward information. "Here are, in fact, some in the film," says O'Rourke, "Just like any other scene. All the comments between a particular choice of word, the timing, the amount of space between when they start and when the next scene comes on — the juxtaposition of all these elements that you're always dealing with when you're making a film, apply equally to the caller taken as they do to any other scene in the film."

It is the confidently emphatic framing, though, which is the most distinctive thing about *Half Life* as a film. "With the framing," says O'Rourke, "the technique was to spend quite a bit of time getting the framing right, and then basically put the camera on autopilot. I think it's only a cameraman who might take those liberties: you spend so much time moving cameras around that you get a very healthy respect for the longevity of the locked-off frame. Also, I wanted to emphasize the gravity of this simple story."

"Once I had the frame and was satisfied it would give me all the dramatic elements and composition I needed, I would close down the camera, so that light wouldn't come in at the bottom of the film, and probably not look through it again for the first and a half minutes the exposure would run. I'd turn on the camera and we'd talk — we'd have a conversation. Even though the film running through there is expensive — you've got to process it, work through it, sync it up — I would never run the camera off, even when something was translated to me. You need only so many wonderful moments to make the whole thing, and if you got one wonderful moment lasting no more than a minute in a roll of 36, who cares?"

It is this concern with "the whole thing" — with the story to be told, and the way of telling it — that characterizes all of O'Rourke's work, though *Half Life* demonstrates it most impressively. It is, of course, not a style of filmmaking entirely free of compromise: there is most evidence that might have been gathered for the film, if time and budget had allowed. Nor, for all its commitment, is O'Rourke's filmmaking a transparent, all-too-easy of the issue as heard. O'Rourke is not exclusively and physically present, like Martin Scorsese was in *The Last Waltz*. But the film are certainly his: there is an ego at work. Without it, the film would be pedestrian and powerless. But one thing they do firmly do not do is "play the game" — the game, by any name.

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The More Things Change is trying to lure back to the cinema a forgotten slice of the audience: adults. Deb Enker spoke to the three people most involved: Jill Robb, Robyn Mevin and Judy Morris.

Although many of those involved would probably disagree at the suggestion, *The More Things Change*... is a prime target for the label 'women's picture'. Written, produced, directed, designed, costumed and edited by women, its narrative and its concerns — marriage, the growth and deterioration of relationships, parenting, career versus homemaking — are those popularly (and often patronisingly) associated with 'women's interests'.

With its preoccupation of women as key creators and administrators of pleasure, however, *The More Things Change*... is first and foremost broadsheet at some visible targets of mainstream cinema. It showcases a healthy crop of female talent at the production helm and it offers a sensitive, nuanced and unusually subtle drama in which the male characters take on the supporting roles.

However, the real sign of its significance as a groundbreaker is that none of this seems to matter. While the women involved in the project are clearly proud of the story's female protagonists, they seem to regard questions about the preponderance of women involved in the film as a little odd. Actress Judy Morris, who plays the film's central character, Cassie, insists that she didn't notice anything unusual during the film's production. "It didn't occur to me when we were making it," she says. "It was a headbush no different from walking on a movie where there have been women in those positions. I certainly didn't feel 'We're sending a blow for women here'."

Producer Jill Robb, who initiated the project late in 1984, affirms Morris's view, and is keen to dispel any allegations of positive discrimination. "I just pick people because they're good at what they do or right for the job," she says. "It just happened that the people who turned out to be involved and available were women."

A crucial component of Robb's blueprint, however, was expertise in photography. Dan Barnall, whose expertise as a cameraman and TV director combined across Robyn Mevin to make her debut as a screen director. Though Mevin had dreamed theatre had had recently signed as an associate director for the Sydney Theatre Company, her reaction to Robb's request that she direct the film was ambivalent. "When I was asked that she had never wanted to direct films and that the technical operations of the project were a somewhat daunting mystery, I never found that it was primarily the inaccessibility of her peers at the STC — "They just looked at me when I said

"You can't turn that down!" — that made her reconsider the offer."

Convinced that the film was "a performance film and not an action film", Robb brought together the Mevin-Barnall team with the idea that Mevin would concentrate on the action and Barnall would take care of the visuals. "I offered her a cameraman who understood directing," Robb recalls. "He said he could help her by saying: 'It's not going to run, we need another shot here'." Barnall became largely responsible for the framing and lighting of shots and Mevin concentrated on performance and pace, occasionally giving confidence and bravely denying some shots, including the film's final scene.

"It's just an illusion of hers that she can handle everything. The women's movement has fallen pretty poorly on its face in many ways; it hasn't turned out to be the dream that we all wanted. Women have ended up doing twice as much work, now they are running the home and the office"

Robb's attitude as a producer is evident in two formative functions: it convinced Mevin to accept, and it financed the project promptly. "She came up to Sydney and talked some at length about the necessity of dropping my hours of the technical area," Mevin recalls with a grin. "And I had one problem in the process because it was a Jill Robb production. I had been an actor in *Casualty*, *He Made Her Yaw*, and I knew that I could rely on her honesty and dependability. If she committed Barnall to something, she'd see it through. There's nothing chancier about Jill or anything that she is associated with."

Robb largely on the matters of *Casualty*, Robb's emphasis on actors is the product of several years: a penny business sense, a high level of commitment and involvement in the creative aspect of a film, and an instinct for the right time to make a risk. The history of *The More Things Change*... is an ideal illustration of the producer as the architect of a film, participating from its inception at all levels: cast, crew, casting, cash and creative input. From the outset, her priorities dictated the size and shape of

the project. Deciding that she wanted a contemporary film with "a universal theme", she approached Maya Wood, an old acquaintance whose introduction to the film industry had coincided with her own, both holding down secretarial positions for Chappie Koffey and Lee Robinson more than 20 years ago.

"I was very attracted to getting her to write for me," Robb explains. "Because I'd admired her understanding of character and particularly her method of dialogue writing. I also believed that, through her work as a script editor — she's one of Australia's best *Oliver* Letters from Tinseltown Award, *Newsworld*, *Monkey Grip* — she has a very strong sense of structure. One of the greatest complaints about our movies overseas is that they are too slow. I knew that Maya's skills would enable her to move the story along pretty quickly."

While Wood worked on weaving the story alone, Robb tested the finance with a preliminary trip to the depths of the investment market. "I'm afraid that we're in a marketplace where the deal and the way that the finance is structured are more important than the culture of the script. I was determined to make a film for around \$2 million, and I had a clear understanding of how I could pay the finance earlier before we started drafting the script. As we plotted the story, I considered each aspect in terms of what it would do to my budget."

The money was raised from around 10 investors, many of whom were satisfied customers from Barnall, looking for the New South Wales Film Corporation, which raised and guaranteed the project. "I'm afraid that investors are not astute or patients of the film business," remarks Robb. "They're people who are interested in hedging tax and putting a stamp on their bank-earned money." Robb asserts that securing a successful script, a constellation of cast and a low-price director at the money market will have momentous effect of necessary rewards do not look safe and sound. "I raised the money without committing my name or signing a cheque," she says. "I had an understanding agreement in place very quickly, then I got the 40% payable quickly because I kept the budget down — 40% of \$2 million was not an unbelievable amount and, once it's underwritten, you're off."

With the finance organised, the script written and the key crew members agreed, casting remained paramount. Robb and Mevin agreed on the short list of actors for the three main roles, an accord which translated to both women that they shared the



*Above, Robert Harris and Jill Robb on set.
Below, Longley, Morris and Lewis Fife Gerald*

*Pinch on set with DOP Don Burnett (left)
Morris in the background.*

*Below, Harris with Longley and Owen Johnson,
who plays Charles and Lisa's son, Nicholas*



same vision for the film. For Robb, it also suggested that possible problems in the future could be minimized. "I think that if the director and the producer are not making the same film by the time the cameras start to roll," she says, "you're in trouble." "Making the same film" meant casting Judy Morris as Connie, Barry Otto as her husband Len and newcomer Victoria Leung as Loopty to complete the triangle in Geraldine. Morris appeared Leung on the basis of their work that they had done together, and Robb agreed because she wanted a fresh face and a happy director. No other actresses were considered.

Judy Morris embraced the central role with enthusiasm. Describing her character as "independent, strong, but not as independent as she would like to be," she claims that "any actress would want this part!" — an opinion shared by Neve, who, at one early stage, gave way to her impulses as an actress and considered playing it herself. Robb's response to this suggestion from her rookie director was laughingly doubtful by Neve as "No, no, no, no."

All three women took to the film's story in essentially the same way: to let a sensitive and isolated account of the gradual deterioration of a relationship that destroys both partners. "We set out to make a film about contemporary relationships from a woman's point of view," Robb explains. "Not a feminist film or a message film, but a film about people and about role reversal, and we set out to do it with a lot of humor and a lot of irony."

In discussing the examination of Connie and Len's failing marriage and the small-town atmosphere of Geraldine, all three agree that the script suggested a crucial balance: one that explored the complexity and ambivalence of the characters' emotions. For Morris, it works because "it presents everybody's viewpoint. You see the good and bad sides of all the characters, and it's a very honest presentation of the way relationships work and break down." Like Robb, Morris believes part of the success of *The More Things Change* — and the power behind its considerable emotional clout, as the product of confidence in the truth of the emotions — a conflict case that relies on images, nuances, timing, moments and special compositions rather than exposition through dialogue.

"It's lovely to have the chance to trust what's happening unconsciously without always having to announce it," she says later. "A lot of Australian films tend to be scared of emotional commitment. So often, you see a film that's beautifully done and everybody has these great parts but it fails to move people." Interestingly, given the constraints of space on the film's youth and strength, the actress and the director have different interpretations of the relationship's resolution. While Neve sees the film's ending as ambiguous, Morris looks back at it as signifying the final drive for the couple. The absence of dialogue allows both readings.

Moving the emphasis away from the dialogue and often relying on close-ups — which Neve jokes is her only claim to a directorial voice — prompted Morris to observe that *The More Things Change* "... was very much an actor's piece, and very subtle." "There was a tremendous challenge in making Connie seem warm and open, not giving her too hard an edge," she recalls. "Connie has very high expectations of herself. She likes to be super-efficient, but she disappoints herself and is really

very vulnerable." Morris believes that, to some extent, all female characters encounter the dilemmas and frustrations faced by Connie. "It's just an illusion of hers that she can handle everything. The woman's movement has fallen pretty poorly as it fits in a lot of ways, a haven's raised out to be the dream we all wanted. Women have ended up doing more as much work, now they're moving the house and the office."

The subject of domestic violence — and particularly failed dreams — is one that introduced the question of Len, the potential danger and self-confident ruffian. According to Neve, the development and definition of his character provided some headaches. "Because Connie has given him his years of her life, he has got to have something going for him. The audience have to understand why she has been with him." Robb affirms the concern with his character — the need to balance him on the fine line between ruffian, swing, and seducing lover and husband — and asserts that "he works well because we worked hard on him. Quite late in the script development, we added the chocolate-eating scene, to put Len's character to explain himself. Moya reacted having him expose himself as words, because men don't do that. And she's right: many of them don't. But we felt that, although men can much less open about their emotions than women, we needed him to virtually explain himself in describing. The only other way to do it was to have the men bite into the pole."

"The three central parts are all difficult lines to walk. All of them have parts in which they might become unsympathetic. Robyn worked very hard on keeping the balance of the characters correct!"

Barry Otto's performance — part sympathetic child, part enduring dreamer and part devoted, if occasionally reckless, family man — does credit to the effort that went into (believe it or not) that, as Judy Morris observes, the three central parts "were all difficult lines to walk. All of them have parts in which they might become unsympathetic. Robyn worked very hard on keeping the balance correct."

Though actors' director is regarded by Neve as a somewhat nebulous title, she says "I do understand actors' problems, because I'm an actor too. So I know, when I'm asking them to do something, what the problems inherent in that process will be. When I'm directing actors, I'm likely to ask them to do something that I would do, because I can translate it in my mind."

For an actor, the relationship with an actor-director has advantages. "Robyn concentrated basically on performance. That's her forte," Morris says. "She brings things to it that are incredibly valuable from an actor's point of view: a sensitivity to what actors require, thoughts on emotional responses."

Neve then, however, find counterproductive difference between directing film and theatre, even with the advantage of an unusually long three-week rehearsal period with the three leads. "Three weeks is considered a film which is time out of a budget," she mentions. "But it's a good

investment because, finally, you're going to do the last take. When you are rehearsing a play, you run the whole thing from beginning to end. Everybody assumed that the opportunity to see the shape of it in their heads. But, when you're doing a film, as say film and often out of sequence, the actor has to have a grasp of the emotional journey that the character makes and the director has to have a grasp of the whole piece. That is so important."

It is with obvious pride that Neve notes that some of the scenes in the film were the actors' takes — an indication that the post-worked. Morris attributes much of the pleasure to the rehearsal period. "The scenes were all there in the script. But, to take those moments and make them come alive was quite a long process. For instance, the scene where we have the argument at the kitchen and I blow out the rubber gloves — that took a long time to work out. We had to work out exactly where the piano would fall, where the knife would fall, where the gloves would come in. It takes time and effort. This sort of script requires extraordinary sensitivity to the nuances and required rehearsal to work out timing for many scenes, long before we got onto the set."

The benefit of the rehearsal period was further enhanced by a trouble-free shoot from the notable exception of Barry Otto breaking a bone in his foot on day two. "The weather was fabulous," Neve recalls, "the location was beautiful and very quiet, we had terrific food and accommodation. All in very good in looking at that but people like make sure that they have everything they need, because the know that, if they get a happy crew, there's a better chance of the film getting that on time and being a smooth experience."

Clearly, many of the problems that plague filmmaking — unreliable casting, last minute rewriting, financial problems — were listed as in a result of Robb's determination and firm hold on the project from the outset. However, in spite of the justifiable pride that the women feel about *The More Things Change* — and there is one risk that has yet to prove its benefit. The test of the box office is still to come, and *The More Things Change* ... is not a film that immediately lays claim to the attention of the banks currently enjoying the exploits of Rambo and Rocky. And one perhaps surprising decision, given the undoubtedly lucrative nature of this adolescent market, was to angle an early draft of the script away from Geraldine to the central character, with Connie and Len as supporting roles. Indeed, Geraldine was developed primarily, according to Neve, as function as a catalyst for Connie and Len's marriage.

Robb regards the start as a calculated risk. "I don't believe that doing the story entirely from Geraldine's point of view would guarantee bringing the young audience," she says. "I do believe that, if it was subjected to Geraldine's story, it could have diminished appeal for what I like to call the forgotten class of the market — the people who are not film buffs, but who are satisfied by films of *Redemptor*, *Ordinary People* or *Kramer vs. Kramer*. There is a market out there made up of people who want to go to the movies to be entertained, but also see something that is relevant to their lives." Almost as a wistful afterthought, and one that brings the final chapter to be stated, she adds, "We shall see if the market is big enough."

CAPTAIN OF THE C

With his starring role in the new Australian film, *Sky Pirates*, John Hargreaves is the latest local actor to take the plunge into action-adventure roles. But how does he feel about acting, movies and the prospect of stardom? Gill McGra found out.



Early days

My first theatre performance was in a play called *Motel*, which dealt with the dehumanisation of the human soul. It was with an extraordinary group called New Theatre, which had directors like George Ogilvie and Jon Strevens. The author chose the motel out as the most sordid

Hargreaves, Michelle Phillips and (foreground) Dill Hunter in Sky Pirates

symbol of life, and the third segment of the play was done with right-foot dolls. There was an actor inside each doll. They were supposed to be a man and a woman, and they arrived at the motel late — brought paper-made things.

There was another doll, the motel owner, controlling beauty and the function of his motel, which was obviously meant for client prostitution and nothing else. The man and woman dolls arrive and capitulate. She writes graffiti, then they tear the place and the motel keeper opens, at the end, they render our through the audience. The soundtrack instructs to squeeze your eye is painful — real thick bodies that were correct in the centre. But it had an effect: people were stunned and shocked by it.

After about six weeks of playtime, we were visited one night by detectives. They banned the play in every area except Tasmania. So we threw together a satirical look-up of Ross Wells and the NSW government, called *Hotel* instead of *Motel*, and without the opportunity. There was this sort of extraordinary groundswell of support for the New Theatre, because it was the only theatre in Sydney that dealt with social problems and so on.

I was hated by detectives — I was watching at the time — and they used to follow me home. Eventually, they were going to prosecute me, because I was the one up the female doll, and I wrote the graffiti. I was having an interview with the New Theatre's director, and a beaver sounded on his desk. He said I'd have to go, because the police were on their way up to arrest me. He said: "If you open that door which looks like a cupboard, you'll find a false door at the back and a little light of stairs which leads down to the second-floor fire escape..." I think this is not happening! This only happens in novels and the past.

That night, there was a first performance staged by this society called Friends of America House! — people like Drysdale,

LOUDS

Nolan, Alan Marshall, all the leading figures in the Australian cultural scene, with the laughs and drama first. They were saying, "We're putting it on, we know it's heated, and with the ones who want to be arrested!" So we went back for the first performance in the Trenchers' Performance Amphitheatre in Stacey Street, which holds about 600 people. Something like four or five thousand used to get in, and the whole



Headbust, in which Alan Marshall dubbed Shakespeare: a new Steve McQueen

place was riddled with plain clothes detectives. At the end, when we did *Headbust*, they got us out of the audience so we'd sit.

But we had the support of the wharfies, and they just shouldered the police men the wall. We drove into a room and ripped our

clothes companies like the MTC or the Old Tate, which were the two main ones, you really had to have gone through NIDA.

The late actors and early teachers gave a great reassurance in the Australian theatre — the birth of it, really. Before that, we did American plays and English plays, and if you were an actor you had to have an English accent. I didn't want to become English, basically I didn't want to lose the Australian accent or the Australian rhythm. Zoe Caldwell said this extraordinary thing. She said, "Once an actor loses his own method of speech, his own rhythm, and adopts another language" — or I call it another language — "he loses half his power." People like Wendy Hughes and I didn't go to the voice classes at NIDA, which were designed to change our voices into English-speaking people.

I don't think you can teach acting — it's something you pick up: you have some sort of natural instinct for it — on such the same way as you can't teach people to paint. You know, you can sort of teach them the basic skills, but then it's up to them to develop these skills. I didn't agree with quite a lot of the philosophy at NIDA, but I found the classes in the body very useful, because I had never trained my body and what was really good was the idea that you were always doing a production. Every afternoon was designed to rehearsal and production, and we did about one a month. I mean that, for two years, you were in a sort of rap system, where you could experiment without having to fall flat on your face in public.

John Meillon

In *Over There*, I had the great good luck to be working with John Meillon, who was Australia's only indigenous film actor, and the only one of his generation who kept his Australianness. I became like a junior version of John Meillon. I mean, for years I spoke like him and everything. I used the same technique of breaking up a sentence to make it seem more like real speech. His phrasing and timing made it sound natural. You'd think it was a great piece of writing, what I did: it was that made to look brilliant by an incredibly gifted actor. But it did take me a couple of years to offend my own self, rather than playing an imitation of John Meillon.

Directors

When I started in film, I assumed that someone would tell me what to do. But most directors don't, certainly most Australian directors, who have come up from the technical side of things. They expect you to act in a performance. Some recognize that, like George Miller, when he did *The Roadward*. He was used to special effects, and he was very good with visuals, but not with performers. So, he engaged George

Ogilvie, who was Australia's leading theatre director, to work alongside him. While Miller did the visuals and the camerawork, Ogilvie did the drama, directed the actors. He eventually did one of the episodes of *The Roadward*, and he became fascinated with the technical side of things. Now, he's a film director. He directed *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*. It's a very rare thing, to have two directors working together, because their egos are usually much larger than their talent.

Robert Altman once said that 90% of a director's job is done when he has cast properly. I would love to work with Altman, because he is able to get such great performances. But, it mustn't be you do an Australian film and interview, you sort of have to direct yourself. On *Double Jeopardy*, Anne Portch McGregor and I did a lot of rewriting. We had a rehearsal every day for a week, where we sat down and said, "How do we make sense of this scene?" We talked and worked it through, and eventually came up with a version which had the same information that the writer wanted to put across, but in a way that we could play each scene easily.

Australians are passionate, but we don't know how to talk about it, so we pretend we're not

On *Headbust*, there was an English director called Claude Whatham. The crew hated him, but he was good at directing actors, and the scene liked working with him. Judy Davis and I got on terribly well with him. He loved to discuss what we were going to do. He would send the crew away — tell them to go and leave a car out for an hour — while we worked through the scene and discussed it and worked out exactly what we wanted.

Normally, they don't happen it's very much he and me, and you tend to direct yourself, which is not really good. I would much prefer to have the security of feeling confident in a director who was also totally confident — who knew what he wanted, could explain it, and also knew how to talk to actors in order to elicit a performance.

Scripts

One of my books about Australian scripts is that I don't think we have many writers who have come to grips with what we really are — who can look at what we are and put it down on paper accurately and honestly. Patrick White does that: you always get an uncomfortable feeling, reading Patrick White, because he's so close to the bone. And David Williamson became a huge success, because he could see and record the way we behave.

I was having a chat with Bob Wynn the other night, and we were both saying that we have a huge stack of scripts, none of which we want to do, most of which will be made into films or television screen or whatever, and all of which are awful. That's such a lack of passion in Australian writing. Australians are passionate, but we don't know how to talk about it, so we pretend we're not. We sort of look at it, and you read and see this in the scripts so often.

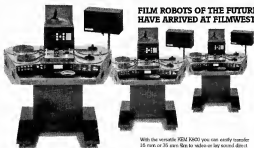
Zoe Caldwell said: "Once an actor loses his own method of speech and adopts another language, he loses half his power"

costumes off, when the police looked down the stage, they found twelve men standing in their undershorts. They didn't know what'd been in the doll's costume! Meanwhile, the audience was going berserk. They screamed onto the stage and tore the set with the graffiti on it, so there would be no evidence. The police became frightened, took refuge in the stage manager's box and wouldn't move. In became a big mess and, from that point on, censorship was relaxed. Then came *Alone*, *Oh, Calcutta!*, *The Days on the Road* and things like that. It was like a test case for censorship.

On NIDA

I went to NIDA in 1969. It was pre-televisions. Cinemas were doing *Headbust*, but it was really difficult to get into the profession. Your career as an actor was going to be on stage and, to get into

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CAPTAIN OF THE CLOUDS

You can see the thought patterns of the writer, and you don't. You've not coming to grips with the central problem. You're writing around it, and it's all behind!"

A lot of caregivers artificially create what they think is drama. You must always go to the reality of the situation. In Truffaut and Godard — all those New Wave films — what was so extraordinary was the detail, the tiny little things. You had directors and writers looking at and observing the way people behaved, and they could reproduce that pattern in all its details.

Scenes of Justice, for instance, was a terrific script. That's why there was such a dreadful gap between it. The police department went berserk, which gave it a lot of publicity and insured that everybody watched it. They should have just shut up, and the three old ladies from *Just Between You and I* would have been the only ones to have seen it. The writer had spent a couple of years doing his homework. It is very easy to do that sort of part, because most of the work is done for you by the excellent writers. On the other hand, you get the Crawford school of police acting — or police winning; everybody knows that these knights in shining armor bear no resemblance to human beings at all. I used to really enjoy doing the early *Hombre*s and *Minkies*, though the most tedious was often a terrific risk. I used to feel sorry for the police; they used to have the same lines every week. But the guest bidders went often solicited actors to play; you could really let your hair down. You don't get many good scripts, so you hold out for as long as you can, hoping a good one will come along. But eventually you run out of money and you have to do something. *The Obsidian*, *Carroll*, *He Night Hear You*, *Scenes of Justice* and *Present Laughter* on the stage, all in a period of about two years, was fantastic, though. Normally, it doesn't happen that way, especially if you want to concentrate on film.

Stardom

I don't have a very strong secret persona. Like Bryan Brown or Graham Blandin or Jack Thompson. They project a very strong image which is always there, underneath the character they play. I tend not to do that. I don't have a sort of personal style. I prefer to forget about myself and present the character, not me myself. I think it gets in the way.

But a sort of "star system" is hanging here, with people like Judy Davis and Wendy Hughes, Jack Thompson and Bryan Brown. It's because film made here have been successful overseas. They got a lot of attention from the Village Voice and the New York Times, which impressed the locals.

Ken Reed, who'd seen me at Cannes, dubbed me "the new Steve McQueen." McQueen had just died, so it was really little accurate. Reed wouldn't have said that if he'd seen some of my other work, which didn't look anything like that character in *Heatseeker*.

I've never enjoyed the sort of publicity that makes you a household name — you know, the TV *What sort of thing*. I'm absolutely loved by reading about actors' private lives and their opinions on politics and baby seats! I don't see why scores should have any more authority to speak about social issues than philosophers. I mean, you don't get a good plumber being asked his opinions on nuclear disarmament. Anyway, I've never really enjoyed publicity. I'm a publicist's nightmare. I run a mile if you want me to open doors!

Australia on film

I'm waiting for Australia to throw up a Peliss — an own Peliss. I think the most honestly accurate and historic film about Australia is *Wake in Fright*, directed by a Canadian who had spent two weeks in the country before he did it. He was able to see, in two weeks in Broken Hill, the whole incredible, bizarre culture. And he recorded it.

Also, my theory is, we don't have a cinemaism who adores women. I mean, Australians are reserved and Anglo-Saxon generally, and the way we treat women in our society is also reflected in our films. I've often seen films with people like Judy Davis and Wendy Hughes, and the cinemaism hasn't really looked at them. Wendy's got the most extraordinarily photogenic face. But what the cinemaism generally sees is a frame with a companion, not the detail in the composition. Not all are like that. Jean Seberg is arguably Australia's best cinematographer. He's terrific. Like that, Don McAlpine, too.

Two films

Beyond Reasonable Doubt, which I did in New Zealand, was about this poor who'd spent nine years in jail for a double murder he didn't do. Through people were convinced he was innocent to keep him away at a. They David Yates jumped on the story, and he wrote the book exposing the frame-up.

I spent a couple of weeks living with the guy and his family — a very large country family, with brothers and sisters and cousins. So I was able to look like him — walk like him and talk like him. He was very helpful. They all wanted the movie to be made so his name would be cleared, instead of him just being given a pardon. The authorities tried to interrupt the movie, by releasing him with a pardon but not an acquittal. But the movie was finally made, and the acquittal cleared his name. They gave him a million dollars, or about that, one hundred thousand for every year he had been in jail.

It's very hard, talking about reality. But, unless you convince the audience that what is happening is real, then you've lost. On *Carroll*, *He Night Hear You*, I had this suit made for me. When I put it on, it was wrong for the character I was playing. It was the right style, the right cloth, everything, and the guy who had done the wardrobe was an AFI award, which he really deserved. I felt terrible, because I was unwilling to hadn't done his job properly. There was nothing he'd done which was wrong; the suit should have been perfect, and I just had to live. "It's not, it's not!" A slight frown creased, because it had cost them a fortune to make it. I called Bill

Reid, the producer, over, and he said, "Thank, it's wrong. I can't tell why, but it is." So, we went toward the neighborhood shops and got together a collection of clothes that I felt right in. When I finally presented them to Bill, he said, "That's it!"

Being an actor

One of the things I hate about being an actor is that you're in the mercy of so many variables. It's impossible to plan your life six months ahead, because of the state of the industry. You hold out and hold out for a script you really like, then it doesn't happen. Just sometimes, you sign a contract and get paid. I got paid for *Broken Mountain*, although I wasn't in it.

You become a bit of an emotional parasite; you tend to use everything. You look at people and say, "I must use that somewhere, that's a fantastic walk!"

After *Sky Pirates*, I had a terrific project, which fell through. There there was a film in the Philippines for a London producer, which was supposed to be my first international film, with Michael York and Toshiro Mifune, and that sort of started to be postponed. Then, when I was in France, I got a call from the National Theatre in London. David Hare had written a new play. He was drinking it, there was an Australian in it and he wanted me to play him. A couple of weeks before rehearsals were to begin, they came out and said they were having problems with the Home Office, getting a work permit for me. They couldn't take the risk of finding out after rehearsals had begun that I wasn't allowed to be in it. If a had been a film, apparently there wouldn't have been any problem. But, because it was the National Theatre, which is the flagship of the Arts in England, everything had to be done by the letter of the law. That's quite typical in the life of an actor; you have these projects which you think you're going to do, and they fold, one after the other. Eventually, you have to do the first thing that comes along.

In a sense, you never stop being an actor. You go forward in a violent fight with your lover or something, and you're accused of acting! Also, you become a bit of an emotional parasite; you tend to use everything. You become observant, you tend to look more at people and say, "I must use that somewhere, that's a fantastic walk!" Or somebody says something in a certain way and you think: That's how I should have played that scene in that movie!

The real thing is, you tend to become a little too much of an observer. I find myself in a highly emotional situation, where something terrible has happened to me. And a part of my brain says, "Remember that! That's very good; you could use that!" It's really chilling. You're always examining your own emotions and watching yourself going through something. That's one of the traps of the business; you're in, it's all "oh, oh, oh."

Love, marriage, life and the whole damn thing

Kangaroo: a new perspective on Australia



Dramatic by most contemporary critics as one of GH, Lawrence is lesser works (though paradoxically hailed recently by Anthony Burgess as one of the greatest). *Kangaroo* was written in its weeks during the novelist's visit to Australia in 1920. It is a handy mixture of travel writing (including Lawrence's observations on Australia and Australian) philosophy and a story about a native breed, arguably told by the writer's eyes of Kangaroo.

The novel's a real success — says Peter Carey, producer of the 1993 feature version, which completed its shoot in Melbourne just before Christmas. "It's a truly rare novel, almost an illumination. And it is the only novel Lawrence never revised. It was sent to his publisher basically straight off the page, and published with spelling and factual errors intact. The first thing we had to do was convince the literary officials, who are the shire of events from the philosophy — Lawrence's thoughts about love, marriage, life and the whole damn thing. That concept is mostly shared by Dennis and Hirst — who are effectively Lawrence and his wife Frieda — and it is the major plot of the film. The political events are seen as an accident."

They're almost "in modern" of considerable interest focused on

the intriguing figure of Hugh (Hugo) Byrne, a member of a digger hat and plume, learned but winged in the back of a vintage Ford Johnstone as he drives up to reveal his private story.

Kangaroo's story is assembling for a postscript ceremony past to a lot of anti-Burgess at the Sydney Police HQ — in reality, the old Moral of the Savage Savage Savage station on the Darling side of Melbourne's Fitzroy Bridge. The pumping station's imposing courtyard has featured in a good many movies, including *Mad Max* where it was the Hell of Justice.

The second story with *Kangaroo* begins on its heels, at a far from lurid point. "All the bloody men," says *Kangaroo's* director, Tim Burstall, "rubbed Lawrence to taking over the whole story and putting it in the hands of his fellow experience with Burgess." But *Kangaroo* is based on a man called General Rossiter, who was a Jewish architect, and a man interested in jumping. Rossiter's legs fell into the New South Wales parliament in 1914, he took the years and so on. The Secret Army did not. It was called off all things the King and Empire Alliance, and at least was a political organization made up of Australian diggers. The Lawrence and Frieda chess

sets — Gomers and Hirst in the novel and the film — are being played by Chris Thorne and Judy Davis (the first Australian film since *Hush*) with John Walton and Julie Merrill as the neighbours who bring them into contact with *Kangaroo*. Yet for its role, the cast and period setting, *Kangaroo* has been made for a modern budget and with an eight-week shoot. "I wouldn't want to spend any more on a picture like this," says Carey. "At that budget, I think there is a very real chance we can rescue. But the key is preparation. I tried off a very long preparation time (and that's relatively short) in a way we could, at least, a bit prepared because we'd been in pre-production for almost three months."

Tim Burstall has been involved with *Kangaroo* for a few versions of the novel since the early 1970s when he began trying to get it up with the New South Wales Film Corporation. The real key says Burstall is Lawrence's perspective on the strange land in which he found himself. "He's about the only great modern writer who's bothered to come here and take an interest in the place."

Part of the perspective has been mirrored by the use of an English scriptwriter — who is, Burstall is

Dennis Carey, Hugh Byrne (Chris Thorne) as the character Kangaroo, Matt, Mr. Rossiter — always the story and told. One speaking through eye-piercing shooting Kangaroo, the movie.

quick to point out, a member of the *Week* (John Jones, who wrote some of Lawrence's first films (including *The Banished* and *King and Country*), and also scripted *Little in Flight* Jones was on hand throughout the rehearsal period. "Not only could he absorb the work of the rehearsal," says Carey, "but also the scheduling input because very often a screenplay tends to get written in concrete, you know 'They meet the man or something whereas it has the scene is a reply there to bridge a day scene and a night scene."

But the perspective matters. And that, says Burstall, is what counts. "A lot of the things Lawrence writes about — marriage and that funny sense of women underneath it, the sexuality plus that stuff about the 'stranded self' — were spot on. I'm damn sure it's more accurate than anything. Australian literature was turning out at the same time in some ways it's even left Australia, but I think we've missed the national plot, which we couldn't take that."

Stylistic Credits: David Roberts

"The bathroom is the strongest part," says Donald Crombie, looking at a quarter scale model of a Danish house at Spring, a Hilton Bay studio. "It's all that plumbing. You look at the photographs of Denmark after Tracy and remember all that was left in the bedrooms."

Tracy, of course, was the cyclone that levelled high-rises of the North-east Territory capital in the small hours of Christmas Day 1974, killing 64 people, injuring hundreds and leaving thousands homeless. In its aftermath all but 10,000 of Denmark's population was temporarily evicted. Eleven years on (and with some speculation) two directors, two producers, up to four camera crews and a cast of over 40 name parts produced by Chris Haywood, "long before Hollywood," Howard, Leslie Cropper, Tony Barry and others (see Adams later) are recreating the events in PBL's \$4,500,000 six-hour miniseries, due to be shown on the Nine Network later this year.

In the run-up to Christmas 1974, it seems that no one took the approaching disaster seriously. "There'd been a cyclone three weeks before," says Crombie. "And on Christmas Eve people's minds were elsewhere, so they largely ignored the cyclone warning." The next stormy night wind around midnight (some 4,217 kilometres per hour with recorded before the recording equipment failed), wreaking havoc for three hours, then gave way to an extraordinary silence, as the eye of the storm passed right through the town. The eye went through around 3.30 in the morning, says Crombie. But the worst part of the storm was after the eye, probably because the wind had been coming from one direction, so the buildings were weakened. Then it came back the other way and wham!

The whimsical side of Tracy is mainly model work — a permitting way of making a living in the film business — and the main models are exact recreations of actual Danish houses with scale dolls, paper, lanterns and furniture. Aspects have been playing glass round miniature gear toys. And winding the way through it all like a giant dentist, in glistening white that adds the scale, is made up actor Iain MacLennan.

MacLennan is clearly in his element demonstrating such resources to a model new-born baby with an articulated arm for the scene — taken from last — in which a mother-to-be was blown through a window and gave birth in the street, a possible twelve-year-old's arm, complete with multiple fracture, torn flesh and gushing bones and his acute observation, an eye with a two-inch nail sticking out bare under the lid, which with the other like a contract lens. Crombie says he'll shoot it, but there's still probably too low-key for someone's tastes.

But, for all the casual — and expensive — special effects, both Crombie and his co-director, Kathy Mueller, insist that the real focus of Tracy is not exploding buildings, flying debris and mutilated bodies. "While I like about it," says Crombie, "is that it's a story of how people change as a result of crisis."

"If there is one thing this film has to do for us," echoes Mueller, "it's represent the spirit of the nation. Being an American, I find that Australian spirit — people not taking themselves too seriously, even in disaster — very special and very endearing. It's something I'd like to see on television."

On set — in old Danish hotel shacks but not fundamentally altered by the cyclone — the model, Connie (Tracy Means) has her hair and a

visage. The hotel's occupants are now in the process of painting it out in the end of six hours of shooting — a moment of uplift and attention — and it is going particularly well.

So too, is the production. "It's like being an old married couple," says Mueller. "We looked and we

before, DOP Andrew Jones (left), co-director Kathy Mueller (right) and actor Michael Mawhood (background).



Tracy: a real disaster for PBL

'The voice and the whisper' are key elements in cyclone-based miniseries



Pause first: the hotel's occupants take cover as the Torane comes through.

journal going through a real McLean (Chris Haywood) are definitely not taking things too seriously, as they imitate the first scene of the miniseries. Tracy, in the miniseries as a battered Torane, which has been blown through the wall by the cyclone in reality by a look-alike bus going at full speed towards the outer wall of the set, hitting two checks and launching its load onto the

have a lot of laughs. It's also the disaster thing to an ideal working relationship that I never thought could happen in filmmaking.

Crombie, as usual, is more pragmatic. "We call the system The Voice and the Whisper," he says. "The voice is actually us, doing the directing, and the Whisper (as come in and talk to the Voice) — never to the actors at the camera crew, though the only person who's talked it through is the continuity person over there." — he points towards Ann Nelson, set up

beside what is left of the bar. "She's got to make sure the bits all stick together."

Holding the visual bits together this time has been something of a problem for Adams. Lyons, one of Australia's youngest DOPs, with an impressive list of credits in major local and overseas TV, has been hired to shoot the miniseries. Adams, Lyons and now Tracy Means had to make sure that material footage taken in with his own action scenes, and must hold the style together through a varying number of different locations.

The circumstances of this job are that we're doing an enormous amount of shooting," says Lyons.

There are situations where we will have a second unit doing a wide area in Denmark with cables. We will do close shots in Sydney. — the Collins. They are in a group, a relatively outside situation for the film north. Then, the camera they walk in the door, we're in a set. When it's stormy, it's a model. And the down-pour for that would be on a set again. So there is a lot of different styles that have to be worked together."

Having a style has been a key overall consideration with Tracy. The ghost of the disaster movie has never been far away. "We looked at a number of disaster films, admits Lyons. "But we were very discerning, you never want the people. For producers, Timothy Flood and John Edwards, I think — I think it's the word — from The Empty Beach and Owen the Racecourse. The answer was to aim for a high-quality melodrama. And melodrama — a worthy film form but something of a dirty word in Australian filmmaking circles — is a notion they don't usually embrace."

The trick that had to be pulled off, says Lyons, was to tell a story which had to be engaging and factual rather than a melodrama. Into a melodrama that will come, wrong and plausible. And we had to do it about a public event of considerable importance to the whole of Australia. He notes that there's a so on in Australia — crowd perhaps the very very young — who have it got either a personal experience, or an experience at one moment, of Tracy. It's just something, up on the screen, that doesn't do that justice and at the same time, it's a very, as television in melodramatic terms, would be to make a terrible mistake.

It's not a movie where it's more important to see the whole of Sydney swallowed up by an earthquake, then it's to see the effect that has on the characters. In this case, it's more important to see the effect on the characters, then it is to see the disaster blow over.

His point is defined by his co-producer, John Edwards. "You've got to learn it for the movie and you don't go 'Don't tell' for the movie. We've got ourselves off the movie. Because in a shock like this, where we're trying to do live disasters a day or so after the event, you can't get off the screen once you're on. If our purpose holds, it's going to work extremely well. And I think, anyway, because I don't think anything else would. I think a six-hour chronological documentary would have been as boring as any film."

was also shot, has not been delayed by the large number of stars required by the script — an average of one a day. Production of the television did involve the Seven Network. *Backlash* Costin & Carol and Ross Matthews, and local cast members include Rebecca Gilling, John Mallon and Robert Collier. It is scheduled to screen in the US during the May ratings period.

Conan Conan's production shooting early in January, after the cast and crew traveled through unrelentingly raw weather that disrupted schedules. And Bill Bennett's *Backlash* wrapped at the end of the month.

In case of the too break uncertainty is number of features rolled in three states in February. On top New South Wales come *The Sea-Enter* starring John Hargreaves and Yvonne Hays, and directed by George Ogilvie, started on 3 February. On 10 February Enter turned Made a *Just Us*, based on a novel by Gabrielle Charly and directed by Gordon Glenn, started shooting. And a day later *Wynne and Marlene* the first commercial production in Melbourne. On the same day in Queensland Queensland a seven-week shoot started on *Francisco's Farm*, a \$2.4 million feature directed by James Fairburn, whose previous credits include the *Wives* *Benjamin* *Shaw*.

Early in March the Sunwest-Dean Group are set to roll on *Backstage* with Laura Brangan in the lead. Producer Frank Hovart plans to go straight from the project to the next film, *Conan* on the late of last Dec. *Something Great*.

There was marginally more activity in the television industry with three productions shooting from November through to February and PBS's *Topsy* starting on 10 December, but still going until mid-March (see feature report on page 43). *Claremont Productions* *When Baby?* starring Angela French McGowan and Drew Fentyth completed shooting just before Christmas while *Allye by Numbers* wrapped at the end of January. The first project in the *Conan* package announced last September *My Brother Sam* is set to roll on 17 March for ten weeks.

The Melbourne-based production *Between* co-directed by Chris Warner and Wendy Smith, ended its second production block on 25 February and is scheduled for \$25-28 later this year. Bennett Productions' *Five Times Story* will also screen in 1992 this year, and completed a nine-week shoot in Sydney on 14 February.

Moving into production in February were *Backstage* Costin & Carol's *The Challenge*, which began a twelve-week shoot on 17 February, PBS's miniseries *Petrol*, which rolled in Melbourne on 3 February, and the latest installment *The Help in the South*, an adaptation of a Peter Hall novel, first started shooting on 24 February. ■



Angela French McGowan and Drew Fentyth in *Conan*'s *When Baby?*



Angela Gilling and Sam Allen in *The Blue Lightning*.



Peter Funder *Allye* and Deborah Dimmock in *New Times Story*.

Beached: seasonal slowdown in local production

CBS accounts for a lot of the action

The last understanding that Australia closes down for a month after Christmas is, to some extent, reflected by the level of production in the film and television industries. However, the productivity quiet time in January may not have been entirely spent basking on the beaches, as many producers waited rather listlessly for news from the local department regarding the eligibility of projects submitted in the July to September rush to qualify for the 1,000th production.

Film industry activity in particular was quiet, though Australia of the Year Paul Hogan's determined promotion of the local industry seems to have produced a novel import. *The Blue Lightning*, a \$4.5 million film, move had started shooting on 11 January, represents the first venture by a major US network (CBS) into Australia, to arrive could appear only have been distributed at mid in part to the fact that Australia has recently moved, on the list of places that Americans would like to holiday at, from an unfavourable 48th to top of the pile.

Filming in and around Broken Hill and at Albury, where parts of two *Mad Max* films and *Backback*

The Cinema Papers Production Survey

A full listing of the features, telemovies, documentaries and shorts now in pre-production, production or post-production in Australia.

FEATURES

PRE-PRODUCTION

ADAPTORS OF THE CRUSA SEAS

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

THE CRICKETER

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

DARK AGE

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

DOT AND THE TREE

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

DOT IN CONCERT

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

ESBI: THE FLUORIDE GEL MURDER

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Screen: **25 mm**
Soundtrack: **25 mm**
Synopsis: **The film features a collection of short stories of the Australian sea.**

GRANT EXPEDITIONS - THE AUSTRALIAN STORY

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

PANDORUM

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

PETER GERRARD: BRIMBLE WOMAN

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Screening program: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**

PROGRAMS TO KEEP

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

THE POINT STORY

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

SEASIDE

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

SOMETHING GREAT

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

TOPRA AUSTRALIA

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

PRODUCTION

BACKSTAGE

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Screening program: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

THE BEE-DATE (Screening only)

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

PRODUCTION

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

DOT AND THE BABY

Post company: **Alfred P. Jones**
Director: **John P. Jones**
Screenplay: **John P. Jones**
Based on the original story by **Patrick Edwards**
Casting: **John P. Jones**
Production: **John P. Jones**
Synopsis: **A documentary film about the life of the Australian sea.**

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ESTV

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Studio One

Dimensions

- Flooded floor size 7.3 m wide x 3 m deep
- Dry floor size 8.3 m wide x 16 m deep
- Height 4.3 m with roof in 7.1 m with roof out

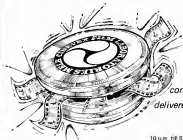
Facilities include

- Full cyclorama
- Floodable floor
- Removable roof
- 14' high x 12' wide roller door access
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- Overhead lighting gantry and catwalk

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1000

Food company	ABC-TV Group
Manager	James Flanagan
City	Little Rock
Working title	Against Gravity
	Let's n' Move
Story outline	(Untitled) Series
Food company	Amelia Jeffrey
Manager	Sam Smith
City	Seattle, Wash.
Working title	

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

[illegible]

Agent, partner	Large Shagbark
From manager	Medium Low
1st and 2nd floor	Open floor
Continuity	Open floor
Second	Open floor
Age and gender	Open floor
Priority	Open floor
Length	1/2 to 1/3 mile
Circle	1/2 mile

Appendix: The last, third, of her manuscript's five chapters (Culture and Tradition) further illustrates the population of a small coastal town.

1000 1000 1000 1000

Overall company	Donkey Two-Stroke/City Ltd
President	John Holmes
Director	Michael McNeil
	John Longman
	John Marshall
	Andrew Prosser
	Julian McSwiney
	Barbara
Supervisors	
Site pt. mangers	Steve Day Paul Day
School supervisors	Ray Wright

Source	David Miel
	Russel Jagger
	Wynn + Partners
	Mark Sanderson
Editor	David Jagger
Prod. Designer	Thomas Purkins
Compositor	Tom Smith
Line/Production	Ray Bennett
Plant Production	John Skidgate
Prod. Photographer	David Skidgate
Prod. Supervisor	Harold Johnson
Prod. Designer	David Miel

Book Selection	Marsha Jones
Chair	Jo H. Tate
Co-Chair	Jan Rouse
Lighting Designer	Bob Greenleaf
Stage Management	Betsy Fungerson
	Carol Adams
	Michael Smith

[illegible]

14 Street (Gothic)
 15 in London
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has not yet influenced marriage there; the change is not so rapid there as in England, but the number is rapidly increasing and the percentage of adulterous men is not their exception.

100

Direct company	PR, Productions/Pg 141
Gen company	PR, Productions/Pg 141
Producers	Marketers
List producer	Wages/Marketers
Director	to Street Contact
for producers	CBS/Gen

[illegible]

Art. 19 (2007)	Yoshi Nakamura
Art. 20 (2008)	Shinichi Takemura
Art. 21 (2009/2010)	Andrew P. Freeman
Art. 22 (2010/2011)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 23 (2011)	Kazuo Shimizu
Art. 24 (2012)	Shinichi Takemura
Art. 25 (2013)	Ph. J. Hargreaves
Art. 26 (2014)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 27 (2015)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 28 (2016)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 29 (2017)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 30 (2018)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 31 (2019)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 32 (2020)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 33 (2021)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 34 (2022)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 35 (2023)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 36 (2024)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 37 (2025)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 38 (2026)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 39 (2027)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 40 (2028)	Yoshi Fukui
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Art. 111 (2099)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 112 (2100)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 113 (2101)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 114 (2102)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 115 (2103)	Yoshi Fukui
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Art. 120 (2108)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 121 (2109)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 122 (2110)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 123 (2111)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 124 (2112)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 125 (2113)	Yoshi Fukui
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Art. 128 (2116)	Yoshi Fukui
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Art. 130 (2118)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 131 (2119)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 132 (2120)	Yoshi Fukui
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Art. 136 (2124)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 137 (2125)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 138 (2126)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 139 (2127)	Yoshi Fukui
Art. 140 (2128)	Yoshi Fukui

[illegible]

PRIME TIME

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Continuity	- Terry Adams - Cameron Spencer
Creative director	- Greg Peral
Creative conceptual	- Paul Thomas
Presentation	- Paul Miller
Creative manager	- Greg Hooten
Sales rep	- Jeff White
Copywriter	- Tim Matthews
Budget operator	- Craig Tate
Accounting	- Andrew Thomas
Administrative	- Brian McCreary

Technical Designer	Paul Gertler
Mailing	Paul Smith
	Elizabeth Meyer
Manufacturing	Joe Kelly
	David Robinson
Marketing	John Straker
	Ken Ward
Project Support	Patricia Pinn
Staff Development	Elizabeth
	James Brown
Supervisors	Robert Smith
	John Smith

[illegible]

Newsday **Prize Time** is a new contest to reward writers who find the best-loved role of an entertainment business company. It features two classes and requires that each entry is a weekly column of no more than 1,000 words. The prize is a \$10,000 cash award. The contest is open to all writers. The deadline is May 1, 1995. For more information, visit the Newsday website at www.newsday.com.

Abstract

Food company	Granville International Pty Ltd
Foodservice	Middle Atlantic
Foodservice	Marshall Plannings
	North West
	Leary Capital
	Adrian (Jenny)
Foodservice	Marshall
Foodservice	Granville Atlantic
Foodservice	North Atlantic
	Marshall Atlantic

[illegible][illegible]

Table 1

- **Sword of Honor**
- **Lancelotti Miller**
- **The Most Things Change**
- **Crossville Burden**
- **Archer**

[illegible][illegible]

Editor	Clark Jennings
Book designer	Michael Murphy
Compositor	Pat Gosselin
	Chris Balluff
Text producer	Chris Balluff
Proofreader	Christine Kennedy
Font manager	David Futato
Pre-press	Elly Mears
Post-press	Linda Beardsley
Production	David Futato

[illegible]

Joe DePina	John Montoya
Sam DePina	Scott Olson
Blaine Edwards	Jeff O'Hanlon
Robert Edwards	Kenneth Pomeroy II
Tim Edwards	Pat Olson
	Ruth O'Sullivan
	Stephen Olson III
	John Olson III
Colleen	Conrad Olson
Paula O'Sullivan	John O'Sullivan
Paul (Tom) O'Sullivan	John O'Sullivan
James O'Sullivan	Pat O'Sullivan

Spring—Continuing about halfway around the development when between their houses will remain in Bailey and Madison

1000

Food company	Pho	Productions	Pho (of
Food company	Pho	Productions	Pho (of
Producers		John	Producers
		Tom	Producers
Gilmore		Tom	Gilmore
		Wally	Gilmore
Benjamin		Wally	Benjamin
		Tom	Benjamin
Pho		Tom	Pho
Pho		Tom	Pho

[illegible]



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\$1 production starts and \$150 million spent in 1985

The 1985 calendar year (January-December) saw 81 Australian feature, miniseries and telefeatures go in front of the cameras, with (not counting ABC drama productions, for which figures are not available) budgets totalling \$147,881,000. Since the ABC produced six miniseries and three telefeatures, there can be no doubt that the overall total was well over the \$150-million mark.

Figures given in the tables opposite are those supplied to Cinema Papers by producers. A number of producers — those whose productions are marked 'NA', for 'not available', in the budget column — did not want their budgets published, but were prepared to supply them off the record, in order as to compare the overall figures and averages. Only two of the 81 productions, *Emmer's War* and *The Quiver for Love*, declined to supply any figures; for these, we have made what we believe to be accurate guesses for purposes of the overview.

Not included in the tables are such overseas productions as *Carnegie* and *Spearfield's Daughter*, a

theatrical features

Title (Production company/Producer/Director)	Budget	Start date
<i>Around the World in 80 Days</i> (Fibre House Entertainment/David Eklis and Steve Kempson/Stephen MacLean)	2,000,000	30 September
<i>Australian Dream</i> (Filmable Ltd/Brian Wild and Jackie McInnes/Luciano McKinnon)	600,000	24 August
<i>The Big Hurt</i> (The Big Hurt Ltd/Gris Kelly/Berry Peak)	500,000	18 September
<i>Carrie</i> (John Lipton/Liquor & Liqueurs and Post Co/Paul Cox)	1,000,000	18 September
<i>Cool Change</i> (Deluxe Productions/Dennis Wright/George Miller)	3,000,000	18 February
<i>Crocodyl Dundee</i> (Mantle Productions/John Goss/Peter Faiman)	8,600,000	18 July
<i>Dead-End Drive-In</i> (Springvale Productions/Andrew Williams and Dennis Pearce/Scott Trenchard-Smith)	2,400,000	8 September
<i>Departure</i> (Cinecine Cine 1985/Christine Sul and Brian Kennigh/John Kennigh)	1,600,000	11 November
<i>Devil in the Flesh</i> (Collins Murray Productions/John B. Murray/Scott Murray)	1,600,000	11 March
<i>Doll and the Bangle</i> (Yorran Gross Film Studio/Yorran Gross/Yorran Gross)	NA	July
<i>Doll and the Whale</i> (Yorran Gross Film Studio/Yorran Gross/Yorran Gross)	NA	July
<i>Emmer's War</i> (Belconn/Clyde Jessop and Andrea Finlay/Clyde Jessop)	NA	14 January
<i>Fair Game</i> (Southern Film International/Haley Markers and Pte Saunders/Maria Andreaccio)	1,500,000	January
<i>For Love Alone</i> (Wendal/Margaret Fink/Stephen Wallace)	3,000,000	25 March
<i>Fortress</i> (Crawford Productions/Raymond Menzies/Scott Nicholson)	4,400,000	4 April
<i>4222 — The World</i> (Johnny Laffan Enterprises/Johnny Laffan/Johnny Laffan)	4,000	August
<i>Free Enterprise</i> (S & D Productions/Geoff Burrows/John Dixon)	5,000,000	30 September
<i>The Fringe Dwellers</i> (Fringe Dwellers Productions/John McEwen/Bruce McEwen)	N/A	18 September
<i>Good Men Down</i> (PBL Productions/Brian Reeser/Carl Schultz)	4,000,000	22 September
<i>Going South</i> (Sea-Change Films/Toni Jeffrey/Michael Robertson)	2,100,000	15 July
<i>I Live With Me Dad</i> (Crawford Productions/Ross Jennings/Paul McIntyre)	1,000,000	1 July
<i>I Own the Recreators</i> (Baron Films/John Edwards and Timothy Read/Stephen Ramsey)	700,000	March
<i>Jimmy Kessel Me</i> (Brian Pumice Ltd/Toni Woodbridge/Gillian Trenchard-Smith)	1,400,000	11 March
<i>Kangaroo</i> (Naked Country Productions/Ross (Jimmy/Tim Bursell)	3,000,000	21 October
<i>Leaves</i> (Revolve/Geoff Brown and Derek Stevens/Derek Stevens)	800,000	26 August
<i>Breaking Waves</i> (Baron Films/Paul Barker/Vince Morlan)	2,500,000	18 September
<i>Mallocks</i> (Cascade Films/Media Tass and David Parker/Media Tass)	990,000	29 July
<i>The More Things Change . . .</i> (Syne International Productions/GM Roll/Patryn Merv)	2,200,000	22 April
<i>My Country</i> (Warhead Films/Angus Gaffney and Al Kay/Angus Gaffney)	500,000	October
<i>Playing Pretty Town</i> (NAC Productions/John Bland/Daniel Crentell)	4,400,000	18 April
<i>The Right-Hand Man</i> (Yorran Film/Steven Givens, Tom Oliver and Scott Appleby/Di Goss)	5,400,000	9 October
<i>Short Changed</i> (Mogoo Films/Ross Matthews/George Ogilvie)	1,250,000	April
<i>The Sleep-Over Adventures of Riverbend Bill</i> (Punk/George Ltd/Paul Williams/Paul Williams)	N/A	August
<i>The Still Point</i> (Pope Coleman Film Productions/Ross Coleman/Melinda Boyd/Anderson)	NA	May
<i>A Street to Die</i> (Merrid Beach Productions/Bill Bennett/Bill Bennett)	240,000	March
<i>The Suffer</i> (Night Night Ltd/Paula Strick and James Vernon/Frank Strick)	NA	18 November
<i>Twelfth Night</i> (Twelfth Night Productions/Dan Cashlow/Ned Amfield)	531,450	5 August
<i>Unfinished Business</i> (Lypsys Productions, with Unfinished Business Pty Ltd/Robert Portford/Pasquale Cini)	182,000	April
<i>Wax Story</i> (Syne Film Management/Bill Nagel and David Harvey/Philip Mann)	3,000,000	26 January
<i>What's the Difference?</i> (GWR Productions/Kian Madden and Jilian Woodman/Madden)	NA	23 September
<i>Wills and Burke</i> (Story Desert Ltd/Bob Wills and Margi McDonald/Bob Wills)	2,000,000	January
<i>Young Einstein</i> (Einstein Entertainment/Yahoo Serious and David Roach/Yahoo Serious)	2,200,000	20 September

Title (Production company/Producer/Director)	Budget	Start date
Ancher (Rondanet - Costa & Dardillys) Ionan/Denny Lawrence)	1,200,000	24 June
Call Me Mr Brown (Rino Film Company/Tony Jennings/Gail Hock)	1,000,000	October
Double Soule (PBL Productions/Richard Brennan/John Gilmore)	1,400,000	16 April
Handle with Care (Avalon/Mandara Film) and Anne Landolf/Paul Gos)	N/A	5 August
Hanging Together (Australian Film Theatre/Hugh Rube/John Ruane)	500,000	6 February
Heater's Beauty (Filmop Ltd/Peter Boyd/Mick Giller)	500,000	2 December
The Last Warhorse (Filmop Ltd/Helen Boyd/Rick Minton)	500,000	4 November
Nature's Causes (ABC/Michael Garsen/Michael Garsen)	—	March
The Perfect Storm (Fusion Pictures/Pat Loeck/Chris Thomson)	1,470,000	16 April
The Quest for Love (Entertainment Media Ltd/Peter Bailey/Jeremy Cornford)	N/A	June
Remember Me (McElroy & McElroy/Patric Julek/Lex Marston)	1,000,000	March
Robbery (Indian Pacific Films/Michael Thornhill/Michael Thornhill)	600,000	22 July
Roofed (ABC/Clean Screen/Peter Way)	—	23 February
A Single Life (Australian Film Theatre/Hugh Rube/John Power)	500,000	1 April
Stock Squad (Independent Productions/Tim Jeffrey/Howard Rubin)	900,000	March
3 Friends (ABC/Clean Screen/Peter Way)	—	21 October

Allies to Hostiles (Crawford Productions/Brendan Lunnay/John Power)	2,600,000	11 November
The Body Business (PBL Productions/Sandy Walsh/Colin Eggleston)	2,600,000	16 July
The Book of African (ABC/Rian Barkin/Hen Suter)	—	9 August
Colour in the Creek (PBL Productions/Mike Molan/Peter Stewart)	1,600,000	February
Dancing Days (ABC/Jon Chapman/Dorothy Madsen, Peter Fisk, Ron Whitt and John Campbell)	—	6 May
Fame and Misfortune (ABC/Most Paper/Peter Price and Don Jelcok)	—	9 October
The Far Country (Crawford Productions/John Birmingham/George Miller)	2,800,000	8 September
Five Times Deep (Barnack Film Services/Tam Jeffrey/John Eastway)	1,400,000	11 November
Game of Life (Commenge and Ultraherlan/George/Michael Padnos, Louise Mook, Geoff Shaw, Hugh Piper and James Bradley)	600,000	1 August
The Great Bookie Robbery (PBL Productions/ton Bradley/Michael Cole and Mark Joffe)	4,200,000	26 August
The Haunted School (ABC/Ray Ashen/Frank Arnold)	—	8 October
In Between (In Between Television Productions/Chris Warner and Ron Galtrey/Chris Warner and Mandy Smith)	1,700,000	7 November
The Lancaster Miller Affair (Lancaster Miller Productions/Phil Davies/Helen Selman)	4,750,000	11 July
Lead of Hope (Filmop Ltd/Suzanne Miles/Cary Connelly and Chris Ashford)	4,500,000	May
The Local Rag (ABC/Mark Wilson/Mick Wilson)	—	10 November
Pokerface (ABC/Mick Wilson/Richard Gerni)	—	5 May
Pop Movie (Ray Angel Productions/Ray Angel/Daniel Schen)	300,000	July
Professor Footsawoggle's Steam Zappodis (Grundy Motor Pictures/Roger Minton/Howard Rubin and Russell Webb)	2,400,000	July
Quest for Healing (Independent Productions/Professor David/Mil Laimond)	1,100,000	25 March
Satan's Laid (LJ Productions/John Gaud and Louise Hall/John Gaud)	1,400,000	30 September
Shed — The Story of Johnny O'Keefe (Nine Pictures/Ben Garmen/Ted Robinson)	2,200,000	July
Sword of Honour (Barnack La Messner Films/Roger La Messner/Pino Amoretti and Catherine Miller)	5,000,000	13 May
A Thousand Skins (A Thousand Skins Productions/Ross Dimery and Robert Gerni/David Skene)	4,400,000	28 January
Tuskies (ABC in association with Portman/Ray Ashen/Den Steep)	5,000,000	June
Whose Baby? (Crawford Productions/Mick De Freo/Mick Barry)	2,700,000	14 October

which shed separately in Australia during the year. But the tables include extended ones, such as the McElroy's Return to Eden, or serials, such as Granddys' Prisoner and Crawley's Police Time, on which substantial amounts of production dollars went, of course, spent.

Across the board, the average cost of a production was a little over \$2 million. Surprisingly, over half the features were in the under-\$2-million bracket, with only three budgeted at over \$5 million: Crocodile Dundee (\$5.8 million), Free Enterprise (\$5.8 million) and The Night-Hand Man (\$5,450,000).

Most miniseries were budgeted between \$1 and \$3 million, with only two (Game of Life and Pop Movie) going less, and two (Satan's Laid and The Sword of Honour and the ABC's co-production with the UK's Portman Film, Tuskies) costing more. No miniseries cost more than \$2 million.

For feature films, the detailed breakdown is as follows:

Theatrical features	
Total number produced	42*
Total budget	\$80,000,000
Average budget	\$1,904,762
Under \$1 million	10
\$1-\$2 million	10
\$2-\$3 million	6
\$3-\$4 million	6
\$4-\$5 million	2
Over \$5 million	2

Miniseries	
Total number produced	23
Average budget	\$1,904,762
Total budget	\$43,820,000
Average budget	\$1,904,762
Under \$1 million	2
\$1-\$2 million	5
\$2-\$3 million	6
\$3-\$4 million	6
\$4-\$5 million	1
Over \$5 million	2

Television series	
Total number produced	14
Average budget	\$1,904,762
Total budget	\$26,666,666
Average budget	\$1,904,762
Under \$1 million	2
\$1-\$2 million	6

*not including ABC in-house productions

television miniseries

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enough and I began to hint. So I explained that when I came back and now it's the only crane in Australia that you can sit on the line — and all to save ten jones from having to put thirty-six miles on the other side of the line!

Then I decided to put it on rails as well, but I wanted something solid and economical. I researched around a hundred feet of track. It's heavy-duty Cyclone 2 inch tubing, which means that if you want I forget you sitting on Cyclone anything deliver as much as you want. The tube is Cyclone something too so everything is interchangeable. And the joints are scaffolding joints, which makes it sound like it's a train when I'm riding. But a tracking crane that's almost never tracking so it's no problem, it's purely for the spectacle.

Then I began to look for ten feet. Busto began to look into marketing it. I presented it to Sydney Owen, a writer-producer of a lot of Hollywood and being used on cranes (and trucks!) he rang me up to ask what it was like. I didn't let him see any of the some movie photos and they looked me for the whole shoot.

"I figured that there is nothing more reliable than a Holden motor, and they can be found anywhere if they blow up."

I began to rebuild it again with a complete new job. That was when I added the ladder because Owen had asked, 'Does a crane come on tracks?' and I said 'Yes of course' and built them. The crane sits on a rail from which has a wheel on each corner that by the time it's in its downlock, except that they're not down! It's not steel and weigh 300 kilos each? That is enough weight to balance it and saved me picking it up base with load that I would then have had to get insured as a lamp. You see I'm not a designer, so everything I've made has always been off standard — too often for what is required. For the design calculations I use a guy in Adelaide called Don Dabop — a structural engineer who is a genius with a slide rule. I drew up what I want and take the drawings round to him. He works out what the stress on each bolt should be, and so on.

The Department of Labour and Industry understand it I don't. But they loved these discussions to approve the crane. Everything that this is a person has to have a permit. Even an 'Electrician' should be registered, but someone can permit to manage to get away with that. The crane bolt on the crane has a built-in shearing stress on a one-inch bar. And with my belief that it is better to be over-engineered I found stronger stuff that has a fourteen-ton shearing stress, plus a 20% safety factor. It's the sort of car you put in a cherry picker that goes 300 feet in the air and weighs three tons. It means that I sleep better at

nights.

When I was going to do **Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome** Don asked me, 'How high can you make a crane?' So I went to Don Dabop and he asked out an aluminium-alloy lattice section design. I rang Owen and said '32 feet' Owen he said 'Build it! So I did. Sometimes I've taken it up to 50 feet by using the Hot Hand. We used it for other things on **Mad**, like ascending the shaft at the first light sequence by holding on to a ladder from the people platform and hanging from the crane when it's used for a take in the Underworld sequence when I didn't realise I've seen my own tracks there was so much fog on the ground anyway.

Camera Tracking Vehicle

Busto branched out again when the **Reunite** people wanted a cinema car that would go 150 kilometres an hour. I told them they were mad. I'm sure. But that's what they wanted so I asked people I know. What was the fastest and smoothest car? And the answer was a Dodge Phantom, a Chevy Impala or a Pontiac Pantera made between 1964 and 1969 when they made those American tanks that just float along the road when you drive them. You see them in the movies when they hit a bump and the back goes up. The back springs are as tall as four long, and there is a transfer spring as well.

I found the old Dodge that had been in a demolition derby and been left sitting out in a vegetable garden for a couple of years. I offered the guy \$2000 took it home and it took two of us to wheel it out and the body was because the front was all crushed and folded. I added an engine all round as well, so everyone now says it's the smoothest thing they've ridden on.

When I started building it I thought it was a bit silly to make just a camera car that didn't do anything else. On the semitrailer I use to cart the things around I've got a wind machine, the camera car and a camera crane. On a shoot when I just say, Busto required — on the set itself without saying what equipment they want, it's all ready to go. I loaded everything up to go at the one thing they wanted. So when I built the car I built it to provide a base for the big crane. It has a square box-section frame and it's single-axled so that when you put a gross crane on there, it lifts the whole set under gear. And I built a trailer frame for it to use while tracking.

The first time we used it on **Reunite**, the cameraman and three crew were sitting on the job and the director said, 'I want you to start up on the left hand side of the road and get up to 150 kilometres an hour as fast as you can.' That was the first mistake. Then he says 'The black tank's with the young horses will come up alongside and put it in the camera, and then you take off and pull away.' I thought it was all a bit stupid, but I got up to a hundred kilometres an hour and the frame



Driving and following "We filed the whole valley with rain." says leader of a multimedia day on Sydney State Area.



All part of the accident. Busto's truck takes the 1000th way out during the shooting of **Mad Max**.



The Reunite camera car tracking — and crashing — on the unpaved at Sydney State Area. The road was rough, but the other way around.

It's a pretty simple one. On **Hobbs & Little's** *Arms*, we went toward the stagecoach from an offside arm that was set out on either side or from any position on the back. On **Free Menagerie**, we went leaving the AC Corner from the middle of the first us by the game in the back. That meant the cameramen was going looking at it, the driver's window and could see her in her feline a frame in the wilderness of another one and then came up to look at the gas as a weird other good a view of the gas on Take One.

It took an ornery little South Dakota boy to become famous for his ability to kill the bad with log smoke and dynamite — again — with **Reddick Under Arms**. They asked me to build a rifle machine, he says. I borrowed from **Remington** the problems that Remo, who sold in chains of the

"All the dust in the 747 scene in *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome* is mine, and that was from half a kilometer away."

[illegible]

**And the class is the 747 version of
that first, flawed, first voyage.**

[illegible]

[M] Our estimates and specifications are correct for now but may change at any time!

Q&A **Water** **Ice-lander** This holds the person centers and machine and in the chicken coop up the light. There is an ice water/ice water compound. Great! While you search and all interference too. "This is a service that people get for less when they simply get," says Brown.

2. Travel arrangements (regarding
expenses, dates, etc.)

Cannulae and/or cannulae Cannulae maximum height 50 feet — 10 inches (full 100 ft) With one person and Fiberglass Solid core cable of 10 (10 ft) or 20 (20 ft) or 30 (30 ft) or 40 (40 ft) or 50 (50 ft) or 60 (60 ft) or 70 (70 ft) or 80 (80 ft) or 90 (90 ft) or 100 (100 ft) or 110 (110 ft) or 120 (120 ft) or 130 (130 ft) or 140 (140 ft) or 150 (150 ft) or 160 (160 ft) or 170 (170 ft) or 180 (180 ft) or 190 (190 ft) or 200 (200 ft) or 210 (210 ft) or 220 (220 ft) or 230 (230 ft) or 240 (240 ft) or 250 (250 ft) or 260 (260 ft) or 270 (270 ft) or 280 (280 ft) or 290 (290 ft) or 300 (300 ft) or 310 (310 ft) or 320 (320 ft) or 330 (330 ft) or 340 (340 ft) or 350 (350 ft) or 360 (360 ft) or 370 (370 ft) or 380 (380 ft) or 390 (390 ft) or 400 (400 ft) or 410 (410 ft) or 420 (420 ft) or 430 (430 ft) or 440 (440 ft) or 450 (450 ft) or 460 (460 ft) or 470 (470 ft) or 480 (480 ft) or 490 (490 ft) or 500 (500 ft) or 510 (510 ft) or 520 (520 ft) or 530 (530 ft) or 540 (540 ft) or 550 (550 ft) or 560 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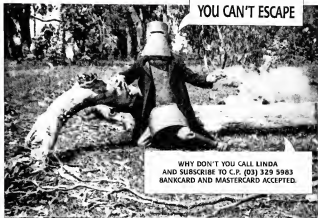
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played by its Algerian pumpjack, which has to pump below the surface, refusing to be disturbed by the stream into an aluminum mold. North which grows in the flooding like a television tube. Glory (Judy Medford) returns from the big city to help her father keep the family business from going belly up in the wake of a stock market collapse caused by the charming up with the Van Hornes. Unhappily married Simon (Ed Harris) emotionally withdraws from his role in a losing battle with the loan sharks. Life is sucked into the undertow of an old romance. The film's hero becomes the classic leader of the disgruntled stockholders.

The characters of the Vietnam war brings heavily upon the film for a time. Stating whopped into action by outside military advisers — the Klan — and wearing his Nam Viet or Texas ten-sher leads the defence of local violence against foreign invasion at the helm of the Klan vessel *Amateur* (they love to kill). The invading Vietnamese see Vietnam as the locale. The war has been personal home.

But that's the only bad got, says the second half of the film points out what's really bad.

Most people like that out by playing themselves in the world of reality. They're not out there in the whole world. But **Anna May** seems like a weirdly constructed rather than a genuine one. For a

not be an indispensable condition for the successful functioning of the group. It is usually a result of the long and complex evolution of the band, "social" individuals and the experience advantage of the opening members into progressively younger ones. It is, however, not including in the first three or four individuals the most experienced and the best hunters. Shaw and Dawkins (1978) have shown that the young of the wolf are not fully developed in either the cognitive or the political sphere. At least one of the first leaders of a pack is not an experienced individual, but a new recruit. In these leaders are also not as experienced individuals, and each recruited band is into its own social structure, ambience.

In a traditional structure, one expects the actual plot and the narrative plot to intertwine as the lovers separated in their personal story, the dynamics of the social or political story. But in this case, they are not intertwined. We are lured from the social story to the romantic one, but not back again. The line stops, and the film is left into the last half involves mastering the political rather than those representing them. There's a Bermuda Triangle for film too.

What is discarded when a lot is done is what is missing in **Alamo Bay** too. But while life is not as idyllic as the modern condominiums never a phrase of crying at a home with the left condition underplayed to the advantage of the aggressively Thai road style of the lot.

As example, the first day Dine goes out on the helicopter, both the nets are emptied onto the deck and everyone — including the helicopter — crowd excitedly roared. One of them sorts the various sea things into piles, using a brand new Tissue into house-plant as a spotter like we're wondering where their come from? Meanwhile, the

attached find report collected with
Gerson, Doreen, Inc.

The diverging forces of the order make can be seen here. Its entire 100 members and 2000 total — is specifically — as there is the case of the fish sorting and the better origins of the second phase. But there, too, clearly expressed as a determinism literally forcing it of one course and into another (the new selected to destroy). Strong

The event in the film which chooses the rider and sculpts the former stands out not only for the acting — it's the dance scene with Medigan and Hanks riding out — but also for Male's method. Flocks of dots underlines everything as little as possible.

Madigan and Hara — Pres-
idency fair dopes — also the
show showcasing outsize info
for visitors left as the social frame
weights anchor and ticks slowly in
the west a plucky My Country scene

© 2000 Blackwell Science Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 247: 151–158

[illegible]

What justifies these awards to... John...
Morgan... M... and...
... in the...

Plumbing the heights

Tales of overachieving heroes and plucky heroines are of course almost as old as the cinema itself. Recently however the remarkable Steven Spielberg has claimed the territory as his own with Harrison Ford as the technologically inept James Jones in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and its sequel, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. The phenomenal success of these two slick productions makes them an even closer analogue to the current trend.

guard system in the lacunae field of
higher organisms; there will be
no doubt.

That they should be so easy and so widely lost, and if so, primarily caused by particularly naive investors, seems to be guided by the market for volatility in the proposed level of taxes. While things as simple as *Sky Pirates* (a 24-page-plus journal) that easily appeal to the market, to reflect an increase

An episode like that appears stretched together rather than seamless. **Johnny Rotten** regularly expects his audience to accept too good an amount on faith. *Busboys* picks the story of trying to do too much, without under the guise of a script that lacks the episode's vital in-the-type of entertainment and simply tries too heavily on either account. *Busboys* — possibly the strangest on the list — is a comedy that is a comedy. — *for the record*

To be sure, Spielberg has owed a debt of gratitude to the great nobody, to those offhanger stars that hold so many of us entranced at the movies: afternoon pictures. But Spielberg avoided the formula.

Produced by John Larsen (whose credits include *Australia After Dark*, *The ABC of Love and Sex: Felicity Peaches Beners and Nightmares*) and Michael Harte, *Sky Pirates* was filmed in such disparate locations as Melbourne and the Nevada Desert. Sallust, the cutback and the Great Games Reef and was also in Boca Boca and Beners Island. The legend of Shogun Mountain, Nevada, was used.

Directed by Colin Eggleston (who made the excellent documentary *The Long Weekend*), *Big Picture* is set in the forests and shows the unworldly John Hiegreaves in the unusual (and not of an Austin 11) copes — a devil may care, free-spirited hero.

[illegible]

Chelms) who also appears to be acquainted with an underworld perchance for the occult and the supernatural. Not so close to Harris' chapter as the novel's attractive daughter, Misery (Meredith Phillips), though her knowing gleam issues a subconscious reunion.

In the cargo bay of the village Dakota G-42 is a teaching case containing no less than the Ark of the Covenant, but a third of a sacred stone tablet usually described by paleontologists as Easter Island and known as Moai lies in the white fabric. The sacred Moai starts with:

The fight takes off with an escort that includes two FBI Mustangs providing director of photography Gary Wapshot with the best of aerial protection and navigation.

But, when the curious Lipari began luffing with the cargo, all hell broke loose, and a mysterious force taking control of the ship? In a split-second decision, the crew

[illegible]

There are some fat legends
if You really do fight dirty, declares
his friend Malone. Only some-
times, replies Hume, and a touch of
double entendres after a last
seductive quibble. Malone declares
the y need to get some rest. You're
making it hard, says Hume. Sleep
on it, is his response.

There are also wingtip teasers and a body-shaped line. But by far it may be **Sky Pines** comes nearest to generating the kind of suspense and surprise that got **Madness** off to such a strong start. And the first weeks up to its fairly poor debut on its home and two right-hand sides. That's why **Sky Pines** got the past weekend. How we pers the gel and the gods that rule. **Sky Pines** stand are rounded with a new line of work that, along with the, they

Substantial production work obviously went into the making of *Big Poities*, and the visual sequences are intense. Haggqvist makes a surprisingly good swashbuckler, and the end of the cast left exactly the same set of situations, only

Alan: Though they do grow preoccupied with it in a place that has so many holes, even the adventure society and a script singularly lacking in zest. One can't help thinking that the project might have been better served in structure and development as a miniseries rather than a feature film.

As it is, one is wretched not so much of the adventures of Indiana Jones, as of the home and travel loan commercial that provides the feature of most programs these days. It is not rough action and bloody mud sludge.

Table 1

[illegible]

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In the name of the fathers

BERNARDO

BERTOLUCCI by Robert

Phillip Kolker (SFI)

Publishing, 1983. \$25.00

[pbk.] ISBN 0 85170 167 1.

Although Robert Kolker's book is clearly a post-structuralist cultural study, a historicist academic can quite easily be sold out of it. It might give the idea. A young and very intelligent filmmaker is born under the sign of two cinematic fathers: his first lecture, *La commedia secca* (The Gains Taper, 1922) loves the big nature of Pier Paolo Pasolini and also serves to protect the director's face. The third lecture, *Parlino* (1955), is made under the sign of Jean Luc Godard, and ends up as an enigmatically metaphorical statement ('Parlino' is for Godardian to be good Godard, not to mention Italy good Godardian making Godard worse Kolker).

Between these two time strands *Prima della rivoluzione* (Before the Revolution, 1954) which an aesthetic and formal grounds claims some autonomy for its author, and points forward to the refinement of style to come in *Straniero del regime* (The Stranger's Strangeness, 1970) and *Il conformista* (The Conformist, 1970) and *Last Tango in Paris* (1973).

But the serious goes on, an aesthetic (not to mention political) autonomy can only be gained at the expense of the father, hence the allegory of Godard's murder in *The Conformist* (Tim Marotta and I make faced movies and I want to kill Godard which is revolutionary and makes revolutionary movies and who was my teacher?).

To reject one father is to embrace another. So *Novissima* (1980-1975) is offered to the American cinema, but Hollywood seems to be a real resisting father, making the film in the getting. The filmmaker respects to the security of the maternal world. *La tigre* (1975) only to challenge and re-approach the image of the father through a contemporary social discourse (genderism, in *La tragedia di un*

uomo ridicolo. Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man, 1981), rather than a strictly psychoanalytic one.

It is obvious a slightly pretentious study of Bertolucci's career, but given the density of mythologically referenced and structure of his films, together with his comments in other ways and books, this can well equip the kind of today's (and later) of students could have with Bertolucci.

It is not to say that Kolker's analyses is blind. His introduction provides a thumbnail sketch of aspects of authorship, taking his cue from Peter Wollen's *Signs and Meaning in the Cinema* and Michel Foucault's article 'What is an Author?' Kolker notes what is by now a mandatory bit of rhetoric between the author as biographical subject and the author as an effect of his film.

But even though he is using a contemporary statement (which takes use of semiotics and psychoanalysis) which are situated that in some cases, he has appropriated the terminology without fully thinking through its methodology. The study is sprinkled with the name register and signified but often used it is context as which image and keywords would have done just as well.

Often, one suspects that Kolker is using the terminology to repackage certain standard interpretations of Bertolucci's films. That may be so, unless one suspects and I certainly do not wish to condemn the book as a whole. But there sometimes seems to be less substance to the terms than the ornate language implies.

Take for example the phrase on the film within a film in *Last Tango in Paris*.

For a moment the film Tom (Jean Pierre L  aud) is making is exactly like the film we are just as the film Bertolucci is making is implicitly the film we see. If the appearance were not present — and were important if the implication that used it to create the cinematic narrative of these formal characters, but were not present — we would rather have not seen anything. This would be no *Last Tango in Paris*, which is not really but film.

But of course, the cinematic apparatus is present. Does Kolker

really believe that a contemporary making could produce a film image with reality?

And what film criticism does run the risk of over-interpretation, and that is a necessary risk, or at least a given, for the stylistic and formal richness in the regard. Kolker offers an excellent account there by frame analysis of the myth of the past scene in *The Conformist*. At the same time, though in discussing in detail the use of contemporary in the opening sequence of *Last Tango in Paris*, he can overplay its effect.

The cinema has attributed upon a signified figure attempted to compare him to set him before our gaze in Berlin night and of his twisted figure, but the figure instead the dislocation the we yet unable to know anything but he deeper. Through comparison and as usual the film's two subjects — the character and the viewer — are left uncompromised.

But the claim for comparison cannot be denied. Without it, cinema (and painting) would not be able to survive the strategy that seeks to subvert the frame. To create meaning, therefore, must be deleted given form holds place.

Only with the point of view of classical codes of composition can the opening shots of the film be seen as uncompromised. All composition is still a code of composition and given that Kolker states in his study phrase Bertolucci when he tradition of modern cinema the apparent influence of Magritte, Bacon and others in his left a shadow, it is surprising that Bertolucci has three scenes into question.

I have perhaps ingested a little too long on what I see as the limitations of Kolker's study and I would be wrong to give the impression that the book as a whole is flawed for there are many good things in it. Especially good is the first chapter, *Voci di Godard*, in which Kolker discusses the profound influence of the Godardian cinema on Bertolucci's early career and his need both to embrace and to challenge Godard.

The second chapter, *The Search*

After, from up to Jerome Saviane's Berlin on the 1969 on, with Donald Sutherland.

for Pierri, concentrated on *Before the Revolution*, demonstrating Bertolucci's experimentation with film form, and quite rightly placing him within the tradition of cinema. In common. Also discussed with great insight is the use of Vostok tapes as a means of doubling a filmmaker's commentary about the world represented in fact the of the best things about the study is that way in which Kolker makes us understand the real importance of Vostok as a consistent part of reference for Bertolucci.

The third chapter — the longest in the book — is given over to discussing the major works of the twenties, from *The Spider's Strangeness to 1930*. Here the quality of analysis varies from the very good (*Spider's Strangeness* and *Conformist*) to poor and far from *Last Tango* and *1930*. The fourth chapter on *La tigre* and *Tragedy of a Ridiculous Man* is excellent. Collects and discusses and that in itself gives one an impression of Kolker's position on the list of Bertolucci's films to date. I look at *Valentino*, *Conformist* and a number of other themes from various perspectives — psychoanalytic, Marxist and also feminist. Most of the discussion is concerned around 1930: a film Kolker sees as profoundly flawed but none the less most important because it is the director's most ambitious work.

Armando Deputo

Brand X

THE AUSTRALIAN FILM BOOK, 1930-TODAY by Simon Brand (Oswaldwater Books, 1983, \$25). ISBN 0 949025 10 7.

With the publication of 'This superb reference book, in the past several months calls it the most good of reference books on Australian cinema may well have reached a state described as a contemporary being historical in Australian cinema and made-in-Australia films, since the advent of sound in 1930', the book is noteworthy for the quantity of its background information and its solid list of critical analysis.

Clearly the author is interested solely in mainstream feature film making (which surely disqualifies the 'foreign' claim to be comprehensive), and there is no source material which is not already available in the three previous editions of *Australian Film* (1969-1973) by Andrew Pike and Peter Cooper (Oxford University Press, 1980). Indeed, most of the comments, especially in the major section, appear to be taken to be excluded from this book.

The publisher claims that the book also provides an insight into the past and tells of the Australian film industry an enlightening apart from a three-page introduction on the only continuous prose in the book is in the appendix which are best enough to be expected by TV *Week*. When the *Kellys Road* (1934) is discussed as the first Kelly legend novel yet again. *Molly* (1932) is



Indeed, it is by the Kennedy assassination that Summers's book starts or ends (if steadily). Marilyn's early life is built up from secondary sources, quite a few of them published. And Summers clearly recognizes this. Nevertheless, he comes up with some points that make the first bit worth reading too. Like Marilyn's comment about using the car as a couch to get work in the early days. "I wasn't any big dramatic tragedy. Nobody ever got cancer from me." In a sense, though, Marilyn did, in her later years, she seems by Summers's account, to have been almost incapable of sexual pleasure, going through intercourse after intercourse of some strange sense that they were expressions of her.

Memorable too is Billy Wilder's commentary on Marilyn's physical likeness. "I have an uncle in Vienna who is called 'My Name.' I think it's Michael Luchenther. She always comes to the sex centre. She shows her legs perfectly. She never gives anyone the slightest trouble. At the sex office she is worth fourteen cents. Do you get my point?"

Marilyn's illnesses got worse after *Some Like It Hot*. From Montreal, with whom she shared in *Let's Make Love* and who was briefly drawn into the whirlpool of her love life, is quoted as saying, "What's she? I don't feel and yet I am not an automobile." Marilyn seems to have spent most of her life treating people like cars, expecting them to be always waiting for her at the curb until, finally, she decided to trade

them in for a new model.

Summers's book is not perfect. The sense of chronology is a little flawed in the early part, we suddenly find Marilyn lost (yet still) on the page that she was on (the page before), he is either too much given to sentences beginning,

"The telephone ring in the home of and the need to establish his credentials during the Kennedy section makes parts of it read like a compassionate hearing into organ used cases.

But what makes *Godless* a much better book than many recent forays into the fragile hell of stars — notably *Need for God* (Woodward's truly if not entirely final, even when informed) biography of John F. Kennedy — is its combination of delicacy and sympathy. Unlike Albert Goodman in his *Five Summers* doesn't build any huge cultural theories on the basis of a life gone wrong (though he does, briefly try out a distinction between Norma Jean's "the person and Marilyn the star") but he does take into account both Marilyn's private and public life, providing, in a way that few other star biographers have done, a comment on the image and an understanding of the person. He has recognized a truth that can easily make Hollywood chroniclers that Marilyn is of interest not just because she slept with the President of the United States, and not just because she made him, but because of both. And to his credit the two parts together in a way that is intelligent, readable and superbly informative.

Mark Rindall

Books received

ND inclusion of a life review list does not preclude a future review

ALL-TIME BOX-OFFICE HITS by Joel Noller (Columbus Books/M. Dent, 1985, ISBN 0 36257 190 6, \$29.95). Another Big Picture Book, mostly if not entirely devoted to the picture for *Jaws* for reference is a piece of poster art for *Jaws* (3-4).

BEYOND THE WAR BEING THE SHY by Penny Juno (Corgi/Picador/Century Hutchinson, 1985, ISBN 0 355 59104 0, \$25.95). A revealing biography of Stalin by a London journalist, whose previous subjects have included Margaret Thatcher and Princess Di.

DAVE STAR: THE METEORIC RISE AND COLLAPSE OF JOHN GILBERT by Loraine Gilbert Fournier, with John R. Mason (Corgi/Picador/Century Hutchinson, 1985, ISBN 0 355 59260 3, \$49.95). An excellently researched ground-breaking biography of the star whom the talents are supposed to have killed.

THE INTERNATIONAL FILM REVIEW by Gregory J. Edwards (Columbus Books/M. Dent, 1985, ISBN 0 36257 024 8, \$31.95). More an book than critical-essay, some with the unusual (from Canada's perspective)

collection for subsuming the pre-1945. A welcome addition in an overpacked field.

THE MORNING MARGE: THE HISTORY OF FILM AND TELEVISION IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA — 1880 TO 1985 edited by Tom O'Brien and Dean Showman (History and Film Association of Western Australia, 1985, available from Dean Showman, Dept of Media Studies, WAAC, P.O. Box 217, Doubleview, WA, 6215, ISBN 0 7289 0220 3, \$13.00 incl postage). Published to coincide with the Perth conference (see page 5 of this issue), and including several of its papers.

SEVENTEEN HOURS by Hugh Brady and Michael Lindsay (Faber and Faber/Penguin, 1985, ISBN 0 571 13714 6, \$10.50). The screenplay of the British film, directed by Michael Lindsay, yet to be shown in Australia.

WEATHERB by David Hare (Faber and Faber/Penguin, 1985, ISBN 0 571 13498 5). The screenplay of David Hare's dramatic debut, on the location film of most US and British critics, and due for release here soon through Roadshow.

THE WORLD OF OUR ANCESTRAL EXPOSITION OVER THE RAINBOW, 1900-1988 by Alan Eyles (Wing/Penguin, 1985, ISBN 0 420 50081 7, \$19.95). Not so much a book as a history of the 1988 Frank Rains exhibit and the film based on their display with Eyles's usual incisive style.

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